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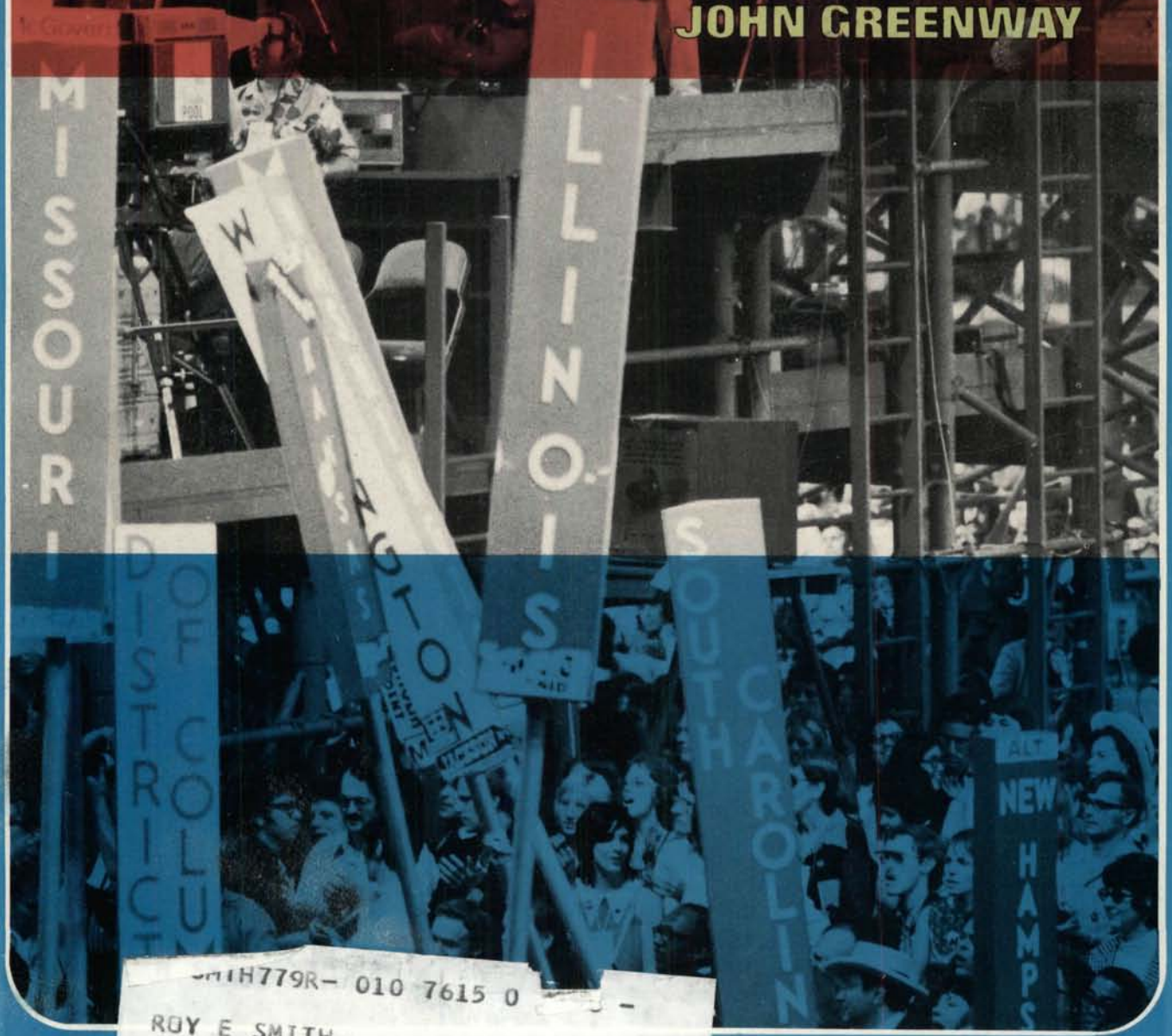
In This Issue –
THE JIMMY CARTER SHOW

NATIONAL REVIEW

Ripsey rampsey, Humpsey Dumpsey, I, Jimmy Carter, killed Tecumsey.

JOHN GREENWAY



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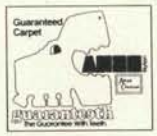

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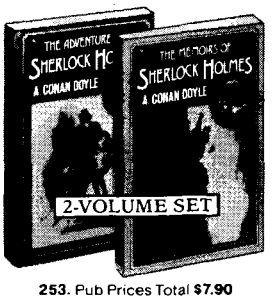

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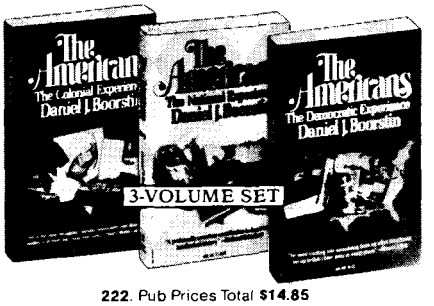

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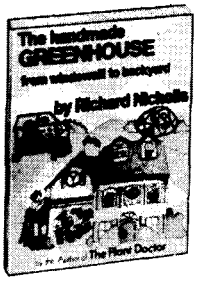

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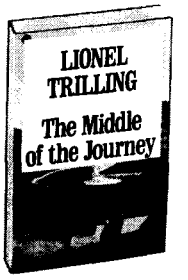

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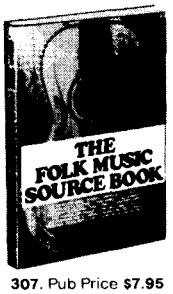

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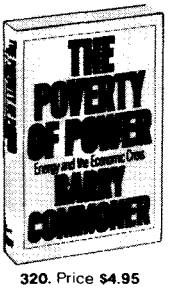

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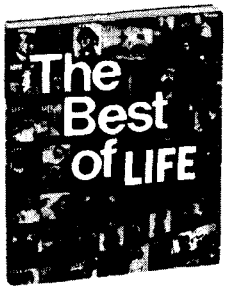

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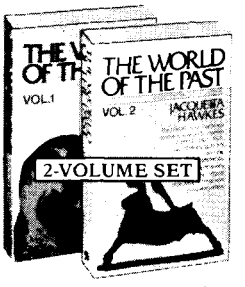

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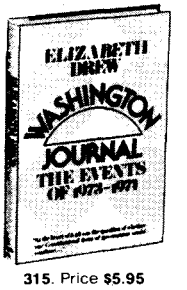

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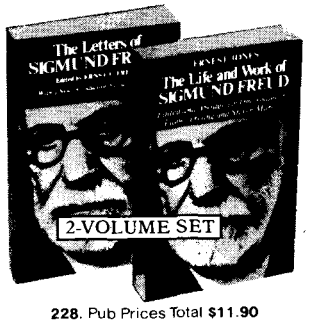

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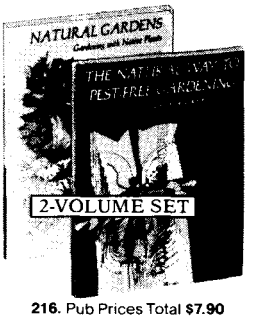

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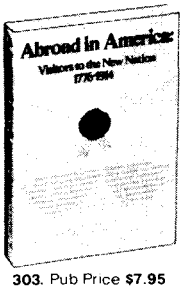

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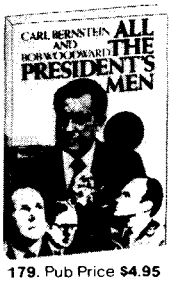

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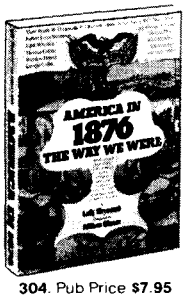

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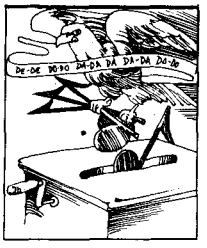
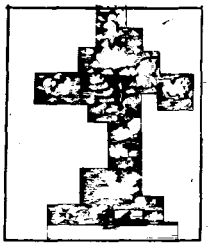


GREENWAY
Page 835

RUSHER
Page 839



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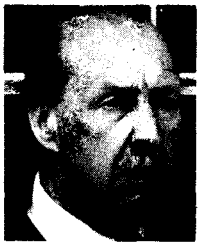
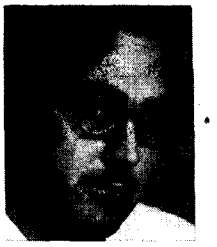


E. von K-L
Page 844

PHILLIPS
Page 847



CHATFIELD
Page 850

ARTICLES

835 **Presidents and Poetasters**
This being both an anniversary and an election year, we are proud—or at least not too abashed—to present a historical survey of the songs and rhymes that have attended our two centuries of presidential campaigns: *caveat cantor.* *John Greenway*

839 **Cold Eyeball to Cold Eyeball on Southern Africa**
A reply to the recently promulgated (and pessimistic) view of James Burnham.
William A. Rusher

840 **The Severed Roots of American Christianity**
Protestant, Catholic, Jew: for decades religious designations gave Americans their social identity. Then came the ecumenical movement, and the very forces that had served as cohesives were perceived, negatively, as "barriers." The result of this new perception has been a massive erosion of religious, moral, and social definition.
Paul Williams

843 **The Great White Southern Sardine**
First *Moby Dick*. Then *Jaws*. Now this.
John Keefauver

ARTS & MANNERS

845 **The Rosenberg Kids**
Likable and passionate, they are seeking (and apparently getting) a "chronological change of venue." *D. Keith Mano*

846 **GW Slept Here (Honest!)**
And so (no kidding!) did Longfellow.
Nika Hazelton

847 **Or, How We Undid It**
All the President's Men is a film that will improve with age. *Harvey E. Phillips*

BOOKS

848 Michael Novak's celebration of sport is wonderful, except that it's non-sexist.
George F. Gilder

850 Richard Kluger's *Simple Justice* compellingly recounts the events leading up to the 1954 *Brown* ruling. *Jack Chatfield*

851 Chuck Colson tells how he was *Born Again.*
Jeffrey Hart

853 **The Right Books**
If you have the "right to die," what do others have the right to do to you?
M. Stanton Evans

854 A huge selection of John Steinbeck's letters is as rewarding as it is revealing.
Rene Kuhn Bryant

854 John Herbers thinks the President is too powerful vis-à-vis the press, rather than vice versa. *William Murchison*

COLUMNS

834 **Reflections on Entebbe**
"Every age constructs its own war, its own types of war"—as Israel understands.
James Burnham

844 **Two Elections**
Portugal and Italy offer Spain some object lessons in democracy.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

816 **Letters**
821 **For the Record**
824 **The Week**
852 **Random Notes**
858 **On the Right**
860 **Trans-O-Gram**

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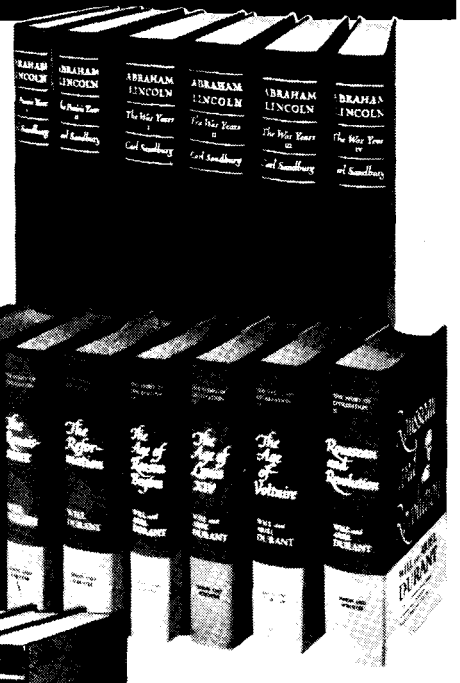

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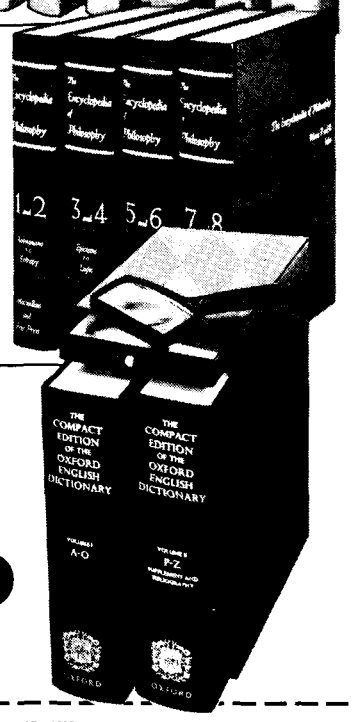

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Letters

No Taxation . . .

Thomas Wendel ["The American Revolution: Genesis and Meaning," July 23] set himself quite a task when he undertook to examine the origins of the American Revolution. He carried out that task admirably, reminding us that the fiery speeches and great battles of the 1760s and '70s were not fits of colonial pique but the result of long-brewing resentments and solid experience with self-government.

I would quibble with one point, though: Professor Wendel's claim that the dispute over taxation was "merely symptomatic." If it was, then either the colonists were sadly deluded about their own reasons for taking up arms against England, or they were hypocrites.

The newspapers, pamphlets, speeches, and sermons of the period require us to dismiss the first possibility: they attest to the colonists' firm conviction that Parliament had exceeded its authority when, with the passage of the Sugar Act in 1764 and the Stamp Act in 1765, it began taxing to raise revenue rather than simply to regulate trade. The colonists believed that Parliament did not represent them and never could—even if they were to elect members to it. As Virginia pointed out in her Petitions to the King and Parliament, when it came to taxation, the colonists would recognize only *local* authority: they wanted "representatives chosen by themselves, who, at the same time that they are acquainted with the circumstances of their constituents, sustain a proportion of the burthen laid on them."

As for the second possibility, that the colonists were hypocrites: when men profess to cherish a particular right, and then give their lives in what is clearly an attempt to defend that right, common sense —which is really good historical sense— requires us to take them at their word.

Baltimore, Md. LAURA DI STEFANO

John III

Re "John III" and abortion ["The Week," July 9]: in the interest of clarity, it ought to be noted that the argument turns on the question of when life begins. The proof is that no one, to my knowledge (not yet, at least), argues that the "right to control what happens to her body and her future" justifies infanticide; yet a visible baby is just as much (in fact, more) an encumbrance as one in the womb. If this right is decisive, a woman ought to have the right to murder a child already born when it interferes with her freedom, as it inevitably does. Yet no one claims this. Obviously the assumption is that a child *in the womb is not yet a living person.* Thus the ultimate question is a metaphysical one, and as far as I can see you can take your choice—except that the view that life does not begin until you can *see* the organism seems to grant a privileged status to one of the senses, which is quite arbitrary, not to say bizarre. Even on materialistic premises: for you can hear it, feel it in the womb; it is certainly alive by an overwhelmingly convincing amount of sensory evidence.

Milwaukee, Wis. ROLAND STROMBERG

I enjoyed your refutation of the anti-anti-abortionism of John D. Rockefeller III, but the omission of an answer to one of his more resounding clichés was puzzling; why let him get away with the claim that opposition to whimsical abortion is only a result of "the religious strictures of one group"?

I am agnostic; my hostility to casual abortion, and to many of the arguments used in support thereof, is religious only in the sense that the hostility of all sane and decent people to rape, murder, and the sort of verbal chicanery which presents unlimited tolerance of such behavior as a virtue, is religious.

Springfield, Mo. DAVID SKIDMORE

Juries and "Experts"

Godfrey Schmidt ["Malpractice Insurance: A Way Out?" July 9] remains the gentleman and competent lawyer that he was when he appeared before me in Texas several years ago. But I must cite a fallacy in his proposed solution of the medical malpractice problem.

Having cited "testimony by unscrupulous or dishonest medical experts," he urges that ". . . a plaintiff in a malpractice

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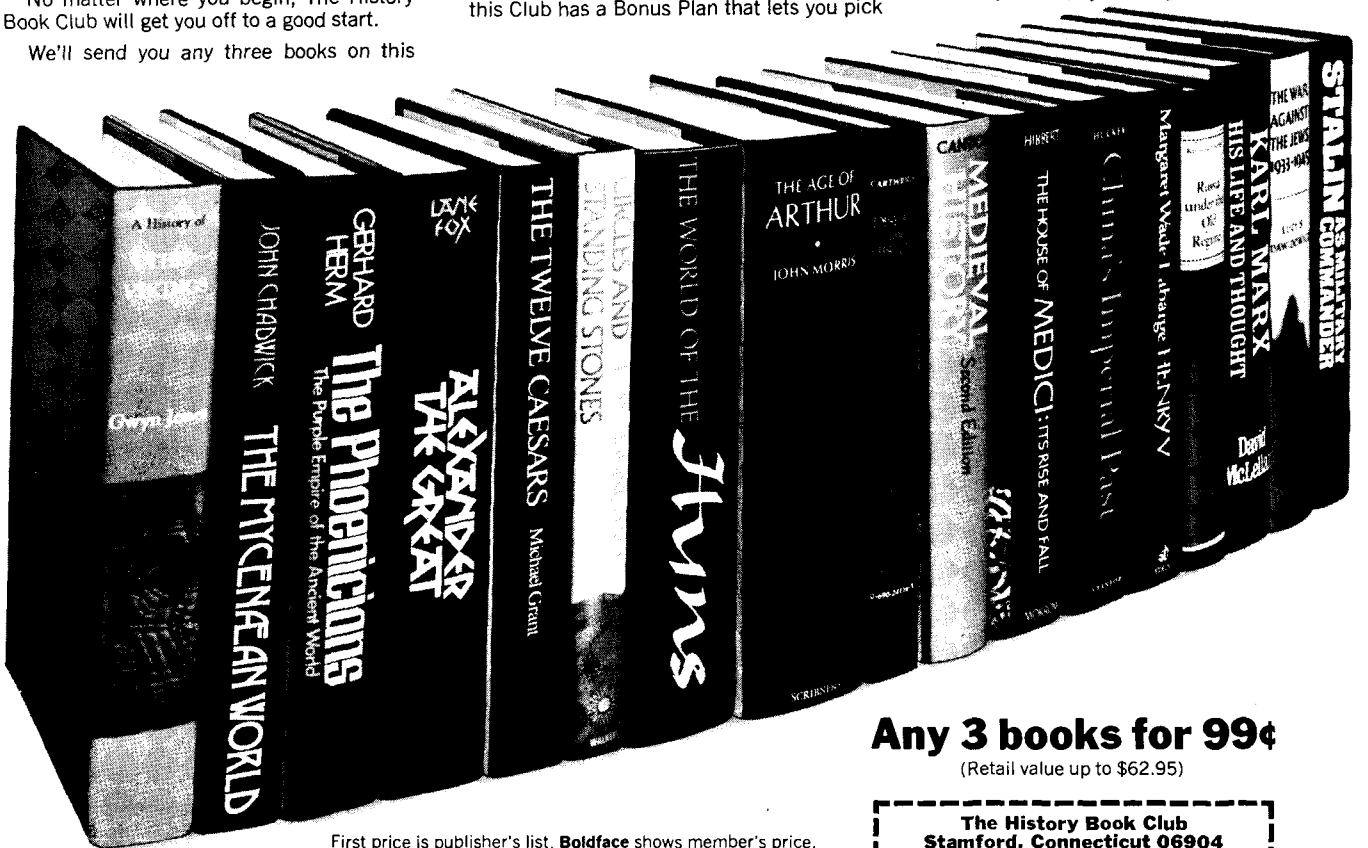

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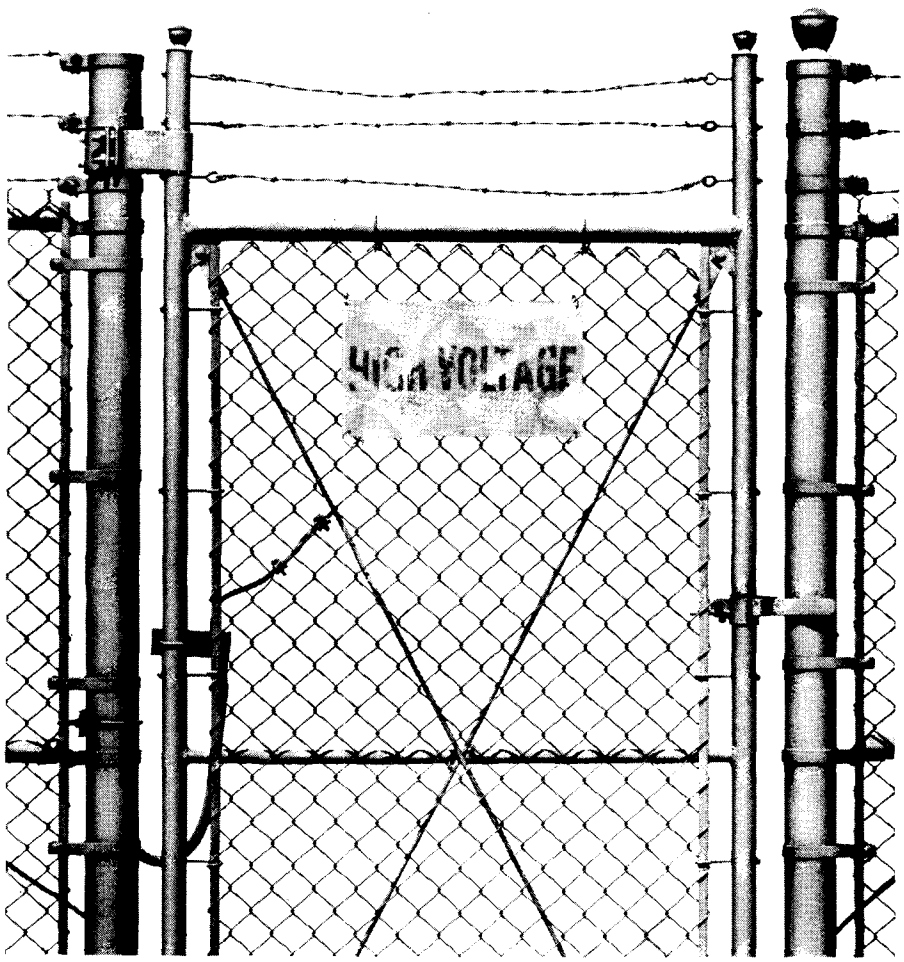

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suit should lose if a single competent medical or surgical expert testifies that the diagnosis, treatment, or method in question was not wrong beyond a reasonable doubt or that it had probable justification."

The technical qualifications of each expert having been noted, Mr. Schmidt would surely not suggest that unscrupulous and dishonest medical experts are those called by the plaintiffs alone; that the testimony of a medical expert for the defense is more credible and reliable than that of one for the plaintiff; or that testimony by the latter expert cannot be as determinative of issues as testimony by the former. Nor would he suggest trial of the collateral issues with respect to the competency of each expert.

One can add another factor which results in exorbitant awards: high-flying juries.

The problem remains.

San Bernardino, Calif. LLOYD BUCHANAN

Would it not be easiest and best if patients took the initiative and sent to their doctors a letter such as the following, which I sent some time ago to my doctor: "Having freely chosen my doctor, and trusting in his knowledge and practice of medicine, I hereby agree that I will not bring any civil suit against him as result of any medical care he may give me. This does not rule out my giving testimony regarding any charges which may be brought against him by a duly recognized medical society or government agency."

Silver Spring, Md. ABE KALISH

Mr. Godfrey Schmidt has done the medical profession a favor of the most immense importance. His survey of the problem of malpractice and of insurance against the effects of losing in the courts is convincing. No lawyer, I am unable to comment on the legal aspects of his suggestion. But I can believe that loss of a major malpractice suit has an effect on the losing doctor not less than that of a verdict of guilty in a criminal case.

I served for some years on the ethics committee of the County Medical Society. All patients who believed themselves to have been badly or improperly treated by members of the Society were invited to meet with us and discuss the problem. I can say that I never knew such a person to receive any save courteous attention. In some cases, the doctor was reprimanded or told, for example, to modify his fee. In others, we were able to quiet the vengeance of the complainant. Most of those who seek monetary redress for a medical complaint can be cared for through discussion, understanding, and reason, before a sense of injustice drives them to court.

However, all other avenues being blocked, Mr. Schmidt's proposals seem to offer some hope of relief—not alone for my profession. It will bring relief to those in the legal profession: relief from the

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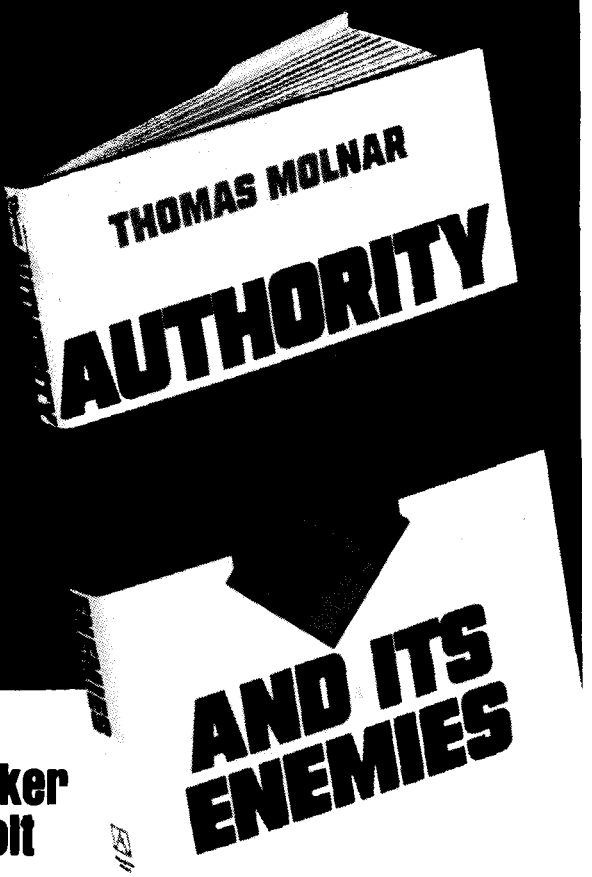
MUST WE LIVE WITH LAWLESSNESS AND REBELLION?

Thomas Molnar has a better idea.



Total war on authority broke out in the Sixties. No source or symbol of authority escaped untouched—neither parents nor teachers nor the cop on the beat. Not even the drill sergeant in boot camp. Today, of course, the Yippies and drug freaks have gone underground. But the assault on legitimate authority continues. As familiar institutions crumble before their eyes, befuddled liberals throw up their hands in despair.

Thomas Molnar dares to lay it out straight: the Western world is reeling from an overdose of the wrong kind of freedom. Freedom without order. Freedom without discipline. Freedom without authority. A balance between freedom and authority, he argues, is what enables man to live in a civilized community. Authority teaches us self-control. It keeps us from one another's throats.

A ranking conservative intellectual, Dr. Molnar is no worshipper of blind force. Rather, he builds a compelling case for *reasonable* authority in the home, the school, the church, the courts, the shop, the military. He calls for a new restraint in arts and letters, a rebirth of order and grace. And he shows America how chaos and crime can swallow us up unless we control the barbarians.

Filled with piercing observations about the nature of man and society, this book will jolt Americans who have always assumed that our constitutional system would "somehow" muddle through any crisis. Not so, says the author. Self-government cannot survive the breakdown of basic institutions, and most of the world is in fact turning to despotism.

Dr. Molnar sees a way out; but his prescriptions are sure to stir debate, all across the political spectrum.

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St. Petersburg, Fla. R. J. NEEDLES, M.D.

Correction

Re: Harvey Phillips' review of *The Silent Clowns* [July 9], no classic silent film was ever made for a Hammond; that form of demi-music made from domesticated AC hum did not come on the market till 1935, by which time Al Jolson had sparked the talkie revolution. Wurlitzer, Morton, Marr & Colton, Kimball, perhaps a rare Mohler. But always pipes (though a very small house somewhere might have made do with reeds). And silent movies were not a series of jerks; those came when silent movies were shown at talkie running speed.

Hamburg, N.Y. WILLIAM C. KESSEL

The Final Days

I have not seen a more thoughtful, better written, clearer-headed review of *The Final Days* than Chilton Williamson Jr.'s [June 25]. And who would have guessed there are so many appellations for Richard Nixon?

Good show.

Washington, D.C. ROGER LEVY

Why carry on so about Woodward and Bernstein's *Final Days*? Nixon was, and still is, a celebrity, and celebrities, the Supreme Court has told us, are entitled to very little privacy. They are public people whose lives must be expected to be an open book.

I won't read the book. I am done with Nixon. But it seems foolish to be upset when normal American merchandising of the sensational goes after a great crook and tries to hustle a buck at his expense. Might as well deplore the Lady in Red for fingering Dillinger and then going on vaudeville to cash in on it.

It's sort of silly to link up taste and Nixon—like trying to defend honesty on behalf of Jesse James. Eighty per cent of us, according to all surveys, thought ill of Nixon. He is a stupid, unfeeling, unlettered man, who could feel little in the way of refined instincts. Why seem to defend him from our natural vulgarity?

Was Hugh Trevor-Roper a Woodward-Bernstein creature when he gave us the intimate details of Hitler's last days in the bunker? No. He got it all down in the interest of history. Nixon is not to be confused with Hitler, but he was an historical curiosity, and W&B had every right and duty to collect *all* the sweepings.

New York, N.Y. EDWARD LANGLEY

"Grace to you and peace from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ!"

No! I am not trying to be pompously pious. It's just that that's the sort of greeting the saintly Paul offers when he writes of truth, and it is my reaction to Mr. Buckley's column "Nixon as the Last Picture Show" [April 30].

I had been casting about in an anger-some twit for a way to say it—and Mr. Buckley did! Nixon suggesting prayer does not represent depravity, but a man who, despite his sins and errors, was still sensitive to the one Way which can lead to hope/Absolution.

The real tragedy—and I thank God for your pointing the right direction—is our being able to accept a suggestion that prayer is verification of being "bonkers." *That* is the insanity—which surely raises a question. Who is closer to Divine Truth? Nixon for wanting to pray? or the Church for allowing such equations to go unchallenged except by "secular" columnists. As some people say out here—fantastic!

REV. ROBERT A. SHACKLES
Muskegon, Mich. Rector
St. Paul's Episcopal Church

Of course you can't blame young guys for short memories, but I did hope your reviewer of Woodstein's *Final Days* might recall Counsel Welch's challenge to Senator Joe McCarthy in those famous hearings of twenty years ago:

"Sir[s]! Have you *no* decency?"

In fact, the line might have been more appropriate in the modern instance.

Baltimore, Md. C. P. IVES

Nuclear Fuel

I have read Raphael G. Kazmann ["Letters," May 14] and H. A. Bethe and others on the question "Where is the fuel?" and have made some calculations. I conclude there is no nuclear fuel crisis at this time. We have more than enough proven low-cost uranium resources to fuel all of the reactors in operation and under construction for all of their thirty-year lifetime.

Professor Kazmann uses a high figure of 114,000 MW for the capacity of U.S. plants in operation and under construction. The correct figure is about 75,000 MW as of January 1, 1976.

Professor Kazmann appears to be using obsolete figures for the amount of uranium oxide required to fuel a 1,000 MW reactor for thirty years. He implies the 6,900-ton figure used by F. Q. Barnes is much too low. However, according to H. A. Bethe, 5,900 tons is all that is needed, even with no recycle. Other industry figures are even lower.

At 5,900 tons of uranium oxide per 1,000 MW reactor per thirty-year lifetime, our 75,000 MW capacity would consume 450,000 tons. Our 600,000 tons of low-cost reserves thus exceed our needs by 150,000 tons, which is a lifetime supply for 25,000 MW additional capacity.

(Continues on page 822)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Foremost among the missing at the Democrats' Woodstock: **Ted Kennedy**. While Democratic Chairman **Robert Strauss**, who takes his orders from **Jimmy Carter**, gave prime-time spotlight to **George McGovern**, **Hubert Humphrey**, and **George Wallace** (all of whom were crushed by Carter bandwagon) he only offered Kennedy (who never entered the race) the reading of portion of the Democratic platform concerning health care. Kennedy refused, and only came to New York two days after Convention began, to attend a benefit reception for the **Democratic Study Group**. . . . *New York Daily News* columnist **James Wieghart**, a Kennedy admirer, says Kennedy may be a "has-been": "If Carter moves into the Oval Office next January 20, the door will be closed to Teddy. And if Carter's White House lease were to be renewed in 1980, Teddy's chances for a comeback would be nil." . . . Sour Mo: also snubbed by Carter was **Morris Udall**, who ran second to Carter nine times. Udall says he will support Carter "with all my energies and resources," but he's turning bitter, especially toward McGovern, **Frank Church**, and **Fred Harris**. None of them, he says, lifted "a finger to help me and at one time or another they each stuck a finger in my eye." . . . **Michael Griffin**, an aide to Wallace, doesn't know what his boss is going to do now. "He doesn't want to be senator," says Griffin, "and he doesn't want to be a Cabinet member. Who the hell wants to live in Washington if you can't live in the White House?"

Punch Rothco

"And, in accordance with the Full Disclosure Law, as amended in 2065, I hereby make public my genetic profile, electroencephalograph patterns, and Rorschach Test results."

■ *Washington Post* survey reveals interesting gap between **Madison Square Garden** delegates and Democrats nationwide: 55 per cent of the delegates call themselves liberal; nationwide, only 33 per cent of Democrats call themselves liberal. Delegates favored **busing** as a last resort 47 per cent to 44 per cent (9 per cent undecided); nationwide, Democrats reject busing 66 per cent to 33 per cent. **Education:** 41 per cent of the delegates had done postgraduate work; nationwide, 9 per cent of Democrats had done postgraduate work. **Money:** 19 per cent of the delegates had incomes over $50,000; nationwide, only 1 per cent of Democrats earn over $50,000. "What appears to bind the delegates and the rank and file," said the *Post*, "is a majority belief in government as a great provider." . . . Socialist **Michael Harrington** is urging Left to vote Democratic. In June *Newsletter of the Democratic Left*, he says: "The Democrats have taken a progressive stand on critical domestic issues like full employment, national health care, and tax reform. . . . For these reasons, among many others, the democratic Left should work enthusiastically for the Democratic ticket."

■ Whom would Carter prefer, **Ford** or **Reagan**? **Edmund Muskie** says Carter views Reagan as a "tougher campaigner." Reagan, said Muskie, "could be a more aggressive, more photogenic, more articulate challenger." . . . **Jack Ford**, the President's son, was asked by *Rolling Stone* if he wants his father elected. "Deep in my heart," said Ford, "I don't." His father feels differently. *Human Events* reports that at least seven delegates from the New York-New Jersey area who hadn't yet made up their minds for Ford or Reagan were given, courtesy of Gerald Ford, seats on the flight deck of *USS Forrestal* for New York's **Op Sail**. . . . Reagan has to settle for lower-level wooing: he's invited the N.J. delegation to meet him in a motel. . . . Carter's war chest is growing faster than Ford's: **Federal Election Commission** reports that Carter's June federal matching funds totaled over $1 million; Ford's totaled only half that. . . . Carter also has some high-spending kids in his corner. *Wall Street Journal* uncovered many Carter donors who can't yet vote; some can barely talk. The mother of one six-year-old who gave $250 to Carter explains: "I don't know how she's going to understand the governmental process unless she participates in it."

■ Happy Birthday, America: Smuggled from **Gulag**, "Neither barbed wire, nor machine guns, nor watchtowers, nor guard dogs—nothing can prevent us, political prisoners of the USSR, from being together with you on this great hour of world history. We wish the American people a fulfillment of their goals, established by the founding fathers—the creation of a brotherhood of free nations, a family of free people."

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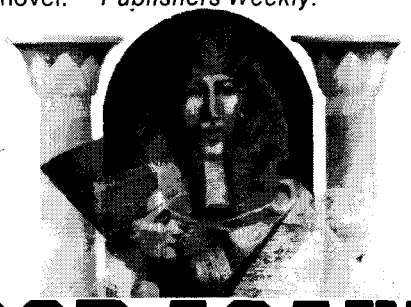

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 820)

Lower-grade ores are expected to yield about 2.4 million tons of uranium oxide when it is needed. The price will be higher but not high enough to stop the growth of nuclear power.

Meanwhile, we have time to verify the supply and usage figures and decide whether to continue our orderly development of breeders or to give them a rush priority. We know we have ample fuel to supply breeder reactors for hundreds of years.

Fullerton, Calif. W. STANDISH MILLER

Gripes

I was reading Gerhart Niemeyer's essay "The Rebel and Public Order" in the June 25 *NR*. Everything was going well until the very last sentence. His conclusion—that old right-or-wrong-my-country business—did not really follow what went before. That was the defense the Nazis used at Nuremberg, and look what happened to them. And in Russia and China there is public order today. But that kind of order is wrong—not right simply because it is order of a sort.

Niemeyer is better than that.

Atlantic Beach, Fla. DAN ALTHOFF

Rod McKuen's poetry is pretty terrible, all right—and it would not be better if he wore Gucci loafers ["The Gimlet Eye," June 11]. His work elevates that of the late Edgar Guest and makes Nick Kenny (remember him?) a titan by comparison. But if it's necessary to say something in his favor, be it said that his stuff is harmless, and it's nowhere near as shrill, hysterical, and inflated as Mr. Mano's review.

Beverly Hills, Calif. SAUL DAVID

Susan McDonald's expertise with the English language does not make her conversant with either litigation or common sense ["The Claims Game," April 16].

The number of law suits filed in Los Angeles County has remained constant for many years. It is reasonable to assume the remainder of "litigious" America mirrors this constancy.

Mrs. McDonald is equally in error as to the results. The number of defense verdicts equal the number of judgments for the plaintiff. At least half of the litigants go away empty-handed. A recent article in a Los Angeles legal newspaper indicated judges of the Superior Courts agreed with jury verdicts in 97 per cent of the cases tried in 1975.

As one who has spent many years on both sides of the fence, first with an insurance company and now with a law firm, I have considerable faith in the 480 years' collective experience that a jury represents. And none in the convoluted syntax of Mrs. McDonald.

Los Angeles, Calif. STUART VON RATHJEN

(Continues on page 857)

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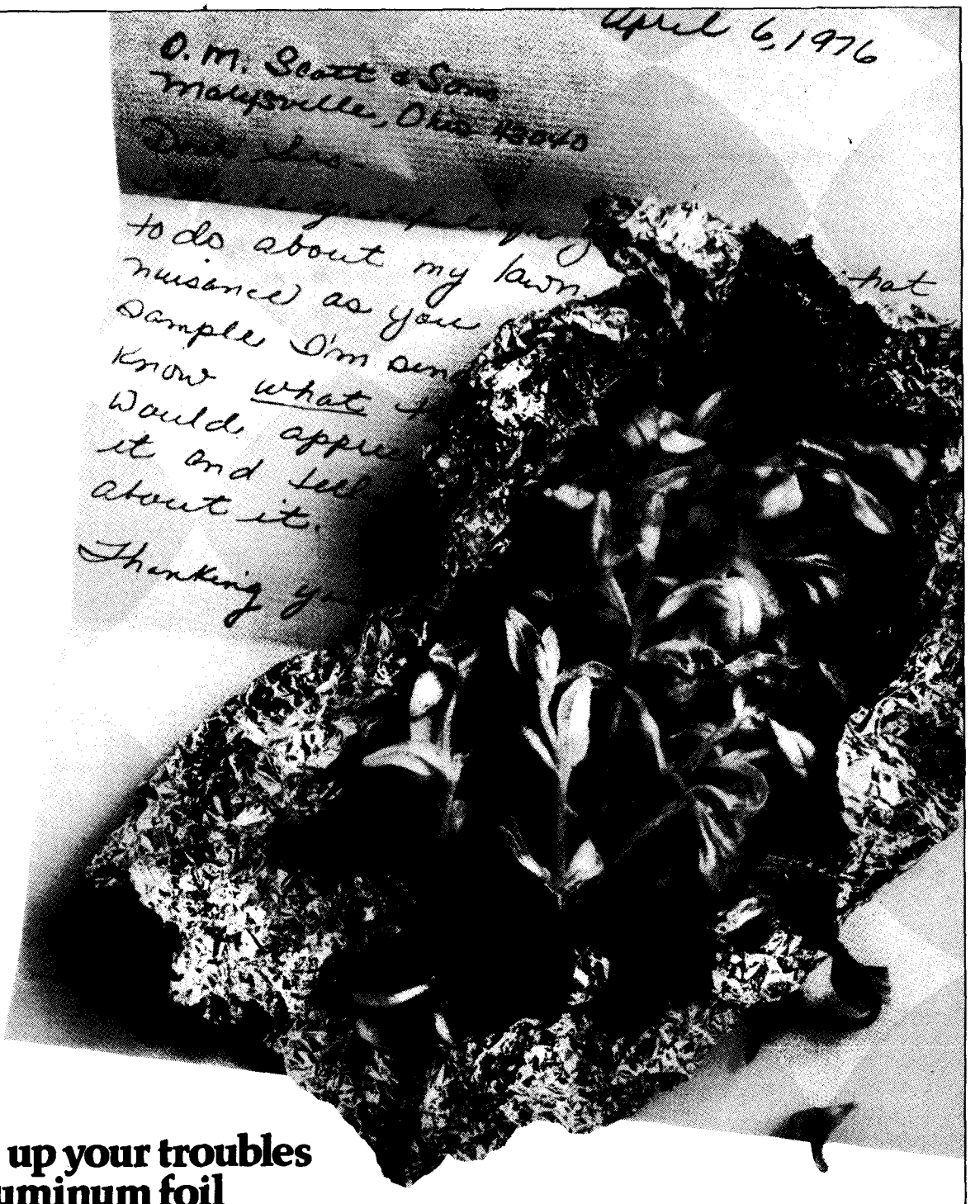

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THE WEEK

■ Two powerful postal unions in California have offered to endorse Jimmy Carter in return for his pledge to "save" the U.S. Postal Service from what they claim is a Ford-Reagan plot to make mail service so bad that the USPS can be sold to private enterprise. So *that's* what it is about the post office! Vote Republican.

■ There are several proposals kicking around Capitol Hill—of which labor leaders had expected to be able to muscle one through the next Congress—that would force the union shop upon state and local governments. These proposals would require individual civil service employees to join the union and pay dues whether they want to or not and would require state and local governments to bargain with the unions. Comes now the Supreme Court, which ruled last month that a law imposing federal civil service standards for wages and hours upon state and local governments was unconstitutional. Writing for the majority, Justice William Rehnquist explained: "States as states stand on a quite different footing than an individual or a corporation when challenging the exercise of Congress' power to regulate commerce. Congress may not exercise that power so as to force directly upon the states its choices as to how essential decisions regarding the conduct of integral governmental functions are to be made." This reasoning will almost certainly prevent the passage of the union shop laws; at the least, it provides solid precedent for striking them down afterward.

■ *New York Daily News*, "Voice of the People," first day of Democratic Convention: "Welcome, Democrats, welcome to the city the liberal wing of your party has milked from mayor down to dog-catcher for 25 years. While you are here, stroll through the filth and moral degradation of Times Square. Visit our prisons and the drug-abuse and welfare centers. Ride our dirty, crime-infested subways . . . if you dare. Read our newspapers to acquaint yourselves with the fiscal mess, the crime statistics, the greedy municipal unions, the graft, corruption, etc. If it's rotten, it's here."

■ Leonid Brezhnev may not have had quite the anniversary party in East Berlin he had dreamed about, but all the guests showed up, all listened politely to his delivery of the longest oration, and all stayed to the end. None questioned his affirmation of the common faith that had brought them together. "As to proletarian internationalism—that is, the solidarity of the working class, of the Communists of all countries in the struggle for common goals—their solidarity with the struggle of the peoples for national liberation and social progress, the voluntary cooperation of fraternal parties, while strictly observing the equality and independence of each of them, we believe such comradely solidarity, of which the Communists have been the standard-bearers for more than a hundred years now, preserves all its great significance also in our time. It was and remains the powerful and tested tool of the Communist parties and the working class movement in general."

■ The Indian State of Maharashtra, with a population of sixty million and an annual growth rate of 2.7 per cent, is expected to approve, by mid summer, a law requiring the sterilization of all men with three living children. Those who exhibit reluctance will be arrested and sterilized by force. The proposed law has already sparked opposition among the Moslem and Catholic minorities; but the government is adamant. "We have tried every trick in the book," says one official, "and now we have come to the last chapter." Or is it the next to last?

■ A yawner, three column inches, bottom of page 21, *Washington Post*, June 14: "MAOISTS SAID TO KILL MILLIONS IN CHINA—28 million Chinese have perished as a result of 'repressions by the Maoist regime,' according to a book published in Moscow."

■ In an article commemorating the 15th anniversary of Yuri Gagarin's first orbital flight, Soviet Lieutenant General Vladimir Shalatov, the cosmonaut commander, writes that the new five-year plan for space operations will stress manned space stations on flights of long duration. The eventual goal is to establish permanent manned stations in earth orbit. General Shalatov did not think it necessary to mention the potential military significance in the fact that permanent space stations, poised above the earth at the point of the launching nation's choosing, could be armed as well as manned.

■ Poland, which has been engaged of late in a provocative dance under the eyes of Western capitalists, has spun her last, dropped the seventh veil, and offered herself for debauch. The country has always tolerated the presence of what it calls "the non-socialized economy"—a sector of several thousand businesses employing small numbers of people—and recently Western investors have been permitted to invest in Poland provided that they could prove that they were of Polish origin. New regulations,

Apocalyptic Thinking

Even though they're neck-and-neck,
Standing on a burning deck
May not be the proper place
For my favorite in the race.
If the vessel's doomed to sink,
Gurgle gurgle, in the drink,
I would rather Ford than he
Settled slowly in the sea.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Memo to: All NR Readers

From: Jim McFadden

Re: an offer you shouldn't refuse

Bill Buckley asked me the other day how I thought NR's BULLETIN was doing on the election. I told him what I always tell him: the BULLETIN is the best darn newsletter in the country today, and it does fine on all the issues.

What he means is: Why don't all magazine readers get the BULLETIN too? (This has bothered him for years.) For that, I have no answer, except perhaps that it is just plain easier to sell a full-sized magazine (which is on newsstands, in libraries, etc.) whereas a newsletter is more of a personal thing -- you have to be introduced to it and get to know it yourself. By that standard, the BULLETIN must be the best newsletter in the country, because virtually everybody who does find out about it not only praises it but also keeps on getting it year in, year out. (The experts tell me our problem may be -- paradoxically -- price: most newsletters cost at least $25 -- or much more, often for a monthly; our fortnightly is just $14 for a full year.)

Whatever the reason, if you haven't tried the BULLETIN for yourself yet, now's the perfect time, smack in the middle of the most fascinating and vital presidential election campaign of our lifetime. The BULLETIN thrives on just the kind of inside news and behind-the-scenes information that you want right now (the kind of thing, as the Big Magazines say, that "makes you more interesting" -- try a few BULLETIN lines yourself in your next political argument).

The perfect time -- and the perfect opportunity. The card facing this page will bring you the next three fact-filled issues of our snappy 8-page BULLETIN for just $1. Right, one buck, (which is as low as we're allowed to go). It's got to be worth just one dollar to try the BULLETIN for yourself, surely -- especially now? Our reason for making this really special offer is obvious: we think you'll like it, and come back for more. But that's entirely up to you. You risk very little, and could gain quite a lot of valuable information, not to mention enjoyment (the BULLETIN is ideal for taking with you -- fits anywhere -- to avoid that frustrating time when you've got a minute but have nothing to read!).

So use the card opposite right now, before you forget? Just return it with one dollar immediately, and you should be in time for the next issue (I can't say it will be a "particularly good" one -- they're all good). You'll see for yourself why regular BULLETIN readers swear by it, and we'll be satisfied to know that at least you're not missing out on something you'd like simply because you never tried it. Many thanks.

J.F.M.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Although Ford backers now believe a first-ballot victory is only a few votes away, morale at the President Ford Committee has never been lower. The fierce infighting within the Committee and between the Committee and the White House has become the talk of Washington, and Ford loyalists believe it has seriously crippled their campaign. At the center of the controversy are Rogers Morton, the campaign director, and Stuart Spencer, his deputy. Spencer is highly popular among Committee staffers, many of whom he recruited. At the White House, however, he is viewed as a political mercenary, more concerned with his own reputation than with the President's cause. Morton, part of the old-boy Washington Republican Establishment, is still highly thought of at the White House. But at the Committee he is considered an inept organizer and ineffectual strategist, and it is an open secret that Spencer would like to see him removed.

Last week, when rumors swept Washington that Morton was on his way out, the consensus was that they had been planted by the Committee's communications director, Peter Kaye, a Spencer protégé whom Morton is attempting to replace. Kaye is also believed to be the source of unattributed derogatory remarks recently surfacing in the press which malign such Committee newcomers as James DeFrancis (the former special assistant to Senator Robert Griffin) who deserves much of the credit for Ford's convincing Michigan primary victory. The feuding, which has now broken into the open, has become a source of increasing embarrassment, and the betting is that immediately after the Convention, if Ford is nominated, the President Ford Committee will be totally revamped. Morton will be given a slot that will be largely ceremonial. Spencer and his protégés will leave, and the nuts and bolts campaign operation will be overseen by Clif White and William Timmons, a highly respected Republican professional who served as Richard Nixon's liaison man with Congress. Also playing key campaign roles will be James DeFrancis and his former boss, Robert Griffin.

■ At about the same time Jimmy Carter was airing his views on foreign policy to the *New York Times*, and receiving high marks for what was perceived as quintessential liberalism, he also gave an exclusive interview to Jack Skelly, Washington bureau chief of *El Nuevo Día*, a respected Puerto Rican newspaper read widely throughout Latin America. On the subject of Cuba, Carter sounded very unliberal indeed. He denounced Castro for his belligerence in Angola and for "training Puerto Ricans in Cuba for terrorist activities in Puerto Rico and on the mainland." Asked about his views on opening relations with Castro, Carter said: "I don't have any intention of taking the initiative to normalize relations with Cuba."

■ For the past few weeks, the talk in town has centered on whom Jimmy Carter will pick as his running-mate. Now that he has selected Mondale, however, speculation about the Number Two Republican has picked up once more, most of it based on the assumption, dictated by the conventional Washington wisdom, that Ford will be nominated. If so, the most likely vice presidential nominee is Senator Howard Baker, popular at both the White House and the President Ford Committee. There has also been talk about a Ford-Reagan ticket, but it has been primarily just that—talk, much of it originating in the Ford camp, intended to win over those uncommitted delegates who hope for a unity ticket. But Ford himself is said to be dead against Reagan, and has no intention whatever of allowing the Convention to pick his running-mate. Reagan is saying, flatly: No.

Another name being floated by both the Ford and Reagan camps as a vice presidential possibility is Anne Armstrong, currently Ambassador to England. Although it's an extreme long shot, Mrs. Armstrong's presence on the ticket would strengthen it in Texas and the Southwest and would guarantee the votes of many women not totally sold on Carter. Mrs. Armstrong is also considered by Republicans as one of the party's most effective campaigners and speakers, second only to Ronald Reagan.

■ Because of the strong reservations many liberals feel about Carter, some of the more far-out campaign speculation here has begun to look at Eugene McCarthy. No one knows for certain just how many states will carry McCarthy's name on their ballots, but he's trying for them all, bringing law suits in such states as Maryland and Nebraska. If he does make it onto a substantial number of ballots, recent polls show that he could pull in as much as 10 per cent of the total presidential vote. And his backers believe that that percentage would increase significantly once Carter's non-liberal positions on many basic issues became apparent to the hard left wing of the Democratic Party. McCarthy's most profound problem at the moment is lack of media coverage. But his supporters believe that coverage would be automatically forthcoming should a significant number of Left-liberals begin to search for an alternative to Carter.

—CATO

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published last May, allow anyone with the requisite amount of money to sink it either in government-owned businesses or in the establishment of enterprises to be wholly owned and operated by the foreigners themselves. Poland's primary concern appears to be the attraction of Western currency, and to that end she will probably welcome Western control of nearly any business that does not involve a major industrial or engineering plant. Although the government's decision is scarcely a precipitate or even a particularly dramatic one, it is rather as if Salome had requested of John the Baptist that he deliver Herod's head to her on a platter.

■ Mrs. Efaw was feeling real bad as she sat at the International Arrivals Building at Kennedy Airport last week. The Bicentennial festivities made her lugubrious. "You would see these television spots where people would say this country is so free and I know that is not true," she said. "My son and others like him never had the freedom to be what they wanted to be." But presently a jet taxied to the gate and Mrs. Efaw's own underprivileged Fritz fell into her arms and those of the Gold Star Mothers for Amnesty and related social plaintiffs. Fritz Efaw is an indicted draft resister who has lived in exile for seven years and was recently elected a delegate

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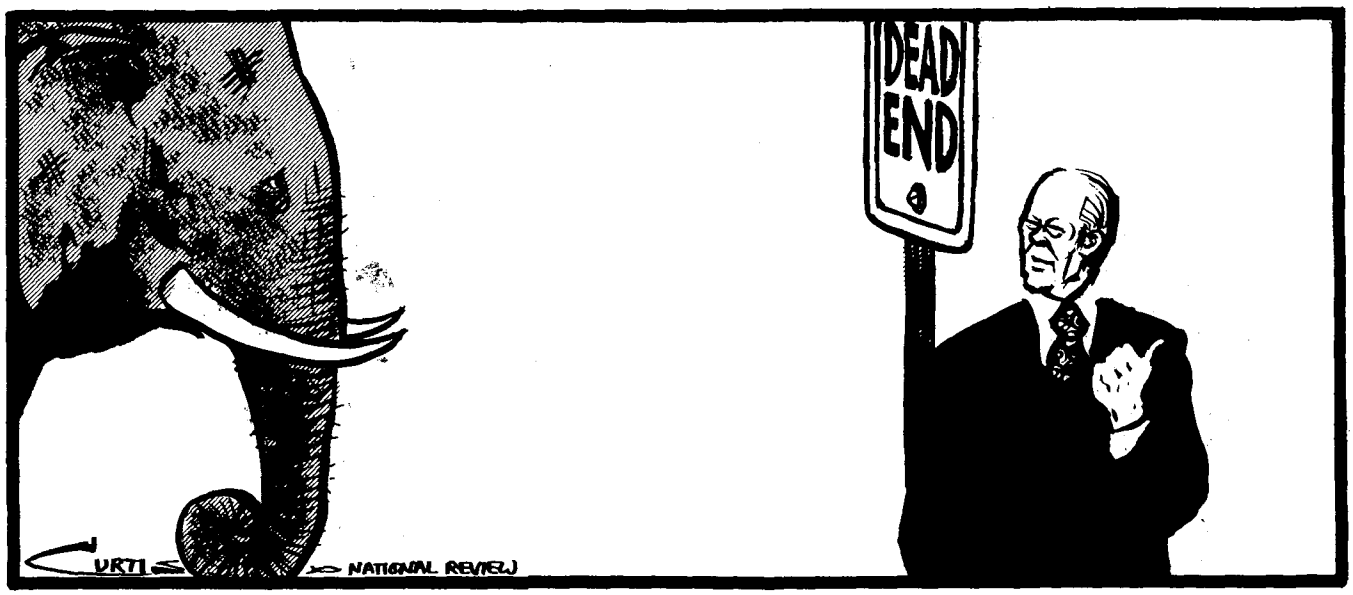

to the Democratic National Convention by members of the Democratic Party living abroad: he is pledged to press for the extension of unconditional amnesty for draft resisters, deserters, veterans dishonorably discharged, and antiwar activists still in Dutch with the law. The day after his arrival at Kennedy, Efaw presented himself to a United States magistrate in Brooklyn who decided that he might remain in New York to attend the Convention, exacted a $5,000 personal recognizance bond, and told him to surrender himself to federal authorities in his home state of Oklahoma—where the prosecutor had moved to dismiss the case—by July 26. It would be interesting to learn whether Mrs. Efaw's political judgments have proved themselves to be as flexible as the U.S. legal code.

■ Among the more interesting Bicentennial events was a gathering in Baltimore of some 10,000 Estonians from 15 different countries to sing, dance, and celebrate their national identity. Estonia's tradition of national songfests dates back to 1869; but with the subjection of the home country, it was necessary to move the festivals abroad. Meanwhile, some thirty miles away, Washington bureaucrats were considering measures that may make life yet harder—or at the best more lonely—for those still living in Estonia. The General Accounting Office wants the headquarters of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty moved to Washington from Munich to cut costs; Senator Buckley objects. Interpreting the move as only the first step in a merger with the more strictly controlled (and softened) Voice of America, he opposed it before a meeting of the New York State Broadcasters Association as "a setback to the cause of freedom."

■ While the rest of us were celebrating the nation's 200th anniversary, the City of Los Angeles was observing Gay Pride Week. Proclaimed Mayor Thomas Bradley: "Gays have played significant roles in the history of our country, from the days of the revolutionary founding to the present time, and continue today the human struggle for civil liberties and individual freedoms on which America is founded." As the list of self-evident truths and unalienable rights burgeons, stand by for S&M Day, Heavy Bondage Month, and National Chickenhawk Week.

■ The precipitous decline in the number of Catholic schools that marked the late Sixties and early Seventies has stopped and attendance in the schools has stabilized. The reason, according to spokesmen for the National Catholic Education Association, is that parents today are looking for value-oriented schools that emphasize order and discipline. This is something Catholic schools have provided in the past but were only too often apologetic about. Now, as the educational level in many public schools has dropped, parents have discovered that their children can learn more in the ordered classrooms of the parochial schools.

■ Bennington College in Vermont broke the $4,000 per year tuition barrier in 1973 and next fall will pierce the newer frontier of $5,000 by charging $5,250. You can be sure that other colleges will follow suit. Next fall, Yale will charge $4,400; Princeton, $4,300; Dartmouth, $4,100; and comparable institutions are in the same range. When you figure in other costs, a year at one of those colleges will put a big hole in $10,000. The reasons for such spectacular costs are multiple and include: 1) inflation generally and the increased cost of fuel oil in particular; 2) course proliferation in the name of relevance, and the political impossibility of dropping many programs when the demand for them diminishes; 3) the truly spectacular growth of administrative staff, with all sorts of deans and psychological, ethnic, and sexual counselors; 4) in many cases, a wild over-investment in expensive post-graduate and other programs during the boom days of the 1960s; 5) needed and often unneeded advanced technology, including computers, language labs,

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Birthday Greeting to the U.S.

From Bernard Levin (writing in the London Times)

It is the idle fashion of Britain's idle day to decry America, if not, indeed, to paint her as the world's enemy, and many's the flabby sneer and bloodless whine that we in this country have had to put up with on the subject. But I shall mark Sunday's anniversary with gladness and gratitude, with admiration and love, believing that the United States is today what she was then: the "last, best hope of all mankind." . . .

If you doubt that, stop a moment and compare the condition and prospects of the United States with those of almost any other country that makes a real contribution to the world's affairs. Would you bet much on the prospect of France surviving as a free country, as the Stalinist thug Marchais strides on toward his Soviet goal? Are you quite sure that Signor Berlinguer, everybody's favorite Communist, is all he would like you to think him? Are you entirely happy about the economic survival of Britain? . . . Does India ("whose only peer was the Holy Roman Empire") inspire much confidence today, with her seedy dictator? How would you like to be a Chinese who wanted to think for himself, and express the fruits of his thinking? How would you like to be any sort of Cambodian? If you went to bed between the Fezzan and the Euphrates, would you really not dwell even for a moment on the possibility that you might not wake up? Will the Soviet Union, as Andrei Amalrik pointedly asked the filthy pigmies who rule her, survive until 1984?

And yet, nobody ever talks seriously, indeed nobody ever talks at all, about the possibility of the United States collapsing, dying, becoming exhausted. With that astounding self-healing mechanism she possesses, which has carried her from the birth-trauma two centuries ago, through the great rending she experienced almost exactly half-way between that day and this, through her entry upon the world's stage, through her assumption of leadership and the building of the alliance of the free, to her condition as she enters at midnight tomorrow upon her 200th birthday, she remains *Semper eadem*, and still holds out for all her people unlimited promise, and for the rest of the world unlimited hope. . . .

She is troubled, certainly; deeply troubled. She has terribly far to go still on the road to color-blindness, and she has still to learn how to keep the life-enhancing sting of capitalism while drawing off the poison of its selfishness. The Vietnam War, and the response to it of peoples and governments in the rest of the free world who live only because of the same arms that fought there, wounded her sorely; yet for all the noise, it never came near destroying her, and she surmounted her next great test, the overthrow of an unworthy President, with consummate ease.

The granaries of her future are full, and the bread she will bake from them will feed the spiritual hunger of countless millions yet unborn. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," she goes her way into her third century, and the blessings of any man or woman of sense should accompany her.

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electronic music equipment, etc.; 6) the decision to provide full financial support for a sizable contingent of "minority" students, practically all of whom are on scholarships. In the long run the implications are plain to discern. The most expensive schools will have student populations consisting of the very affluent plus the favored and subsidized minorities. The middle class will go to the state universities.

■ DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT: "These kids are our future, and if we can't find a healthy outlet for them, we are in trouble." So says a British government report revealing that nine out of ten—is it possible?—London schoolboys are thieves. According to the report, 88 per cent of the boys have stolen from their schools, 70 per cent from stores, 33 per cent from street vendors, 25 per cent from cars, one in twenty has stolen an automobile, and the thefts average more than a hundred per thief.

■ Not guilty, said Stephen J. Ference, 21, of Enfield, Conn. to charges that he had attempted to assault local police with a deadly raccoon. There were no injuries, the police confiscated a quantity of marijuana, Randy the raccoon had no comment, and you should see what goes on in Enfield on Saturday nights.

■ Mr. James Smith, Comptroller of the Currency—which is to say, the Chief Inflator—has lately come in for a bit of friendly ribbing from the press, and he is quite grumpy about it. "I'm tired of all these allegations," says he, referring to disclosures that he has spent $54,000 for travel expenses on top of his $40,000 salary, and has furnished his office so resplendently that he is becoming known as "King Farouk of the Potomac." Accordingly, Smith has announced that, though he is under no obligation to do so, he will repay $2,941.74 in limousine costs —uh, later, after he leaves office in mid-1978. That's telling 'em, Farouk old kid.

■ A big week for law and order. Police in New Orleans nabbed a young burglar accused of sucking his victim's toes. State police posing as sausage merchants arrested three people and recovered 13,000 pounds of "hot" hot dogs in Bel Air, Md. Gendarmes in Frankfurt, West Germany, bagged a hold-up man who had made off with $254 from a butcher shop but returned for his purchase

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of $3.86 worth of bacon and sausage. Los Angeles County sheriffs apprehended a would-be rapist whose victim turned out to be a transvestite in drag. In Baton Rouge, La., the fuzz ran in a Bible salesman for walking along Interstate 10, buck naked, chanting, "Here I am, naked as I came." Police in Mountain View, Calif., took custody of a man after his unsuccessful attempt to drown his wife in a water bed, a criminal first. Indiana excise police bagged an Ohio man for selling untaxed alcoholic beverages that he was advertising over CB radio, ten four. But in Ashland, Ore., state troopers had to release a young woman charged with ducknapping from a park pond after she established that it was her own duck she was exercising.

■ The Jimmy Carter syndrome? That's how many Texans explain the nomination of Donald B. Yarborough to a six-year term on the Texas Supreme Court. Yarborough, with little judicial experience and some 11 civil suits pending against him, won nomination in part by promising voters he would base his decisions not on law but on the Bible. "I will put you on notice right now that as far as my vote [on the court] is concerned, it will be interpreted in harmony with God's word, and that comes first."

Ford and Reagan

House Minority Leader John Rhodes speculates aloud that Ford and Reagan may arrive at Kansas City no more than ten votes apart. A Ford supporter, Rhodes thinks the President will prevail, but admits that he does not know why he thinks so. R. W. Apple of the *New York Times* gives it as his opinion that Ford will start with a four-vote lead at Kansas City, but adds that just possibly Reagan might be ahead by two. About ninety votes are expected to be uncommitted when the proceedings begin.

Though no one can foresee the result, these circumstances, *a priori*, would seem to favor Reagan. Many delegates supporting Ford or counted as favorable to him enlisted when Reagan's cause seemed hopeless. Their status may be the result of calculation rather than conviction. Their attachment is likely to be looser than that of Reagan delegates, who made the definitive decision to oppose an incumbent President. Reagan may also have an advantage in the contest for those ninety or so uncommitted delegates. On the face of it, the likelihood seems small that many people have been nourishing a secret passion for Mr. Ford. "When we contemplate these uncommitted delegates," writes Murray Kempton, "we are considering persons still concealing passions deviant from the social norm, which means that we are waiting for the closet to open; and of all the forms of life once miscalled queer and now miscalled gay, the rarest would have to be the closet Fordite."

The Jimmy Carter Show

Marshall McLuhan didn't go far enough. The medium has become not merely the message but the reality. As an historical event, as an active factor in the chain of cause and effect, the real Democratic Convention was what scores of millions of us were seeing on the screen, not the entrances and exits and gestures of the cast of 10,000 or so in the Madison Square Garden playhouse. A political Convention is now a TV show, somewhere between a soap opera and a network special. The requirements of the medium—the technical requirements of the hardware and the social requirements of the universal and fragmented audience—more and more determine what is done and how and when it is done, and who does it.

This Georgia team produces a tight show. Once or twice the extras were permitted a minute or two more applause than scheduled for an old-time favorite, but the stopwatches were always out and clicking. When on the first night Barbara Jordan took off and got the show swinging, the management cut the rest of the programmed agenda without a second thought: it was not going to risk an anticlimax surfacing on all those millions of tubes. Debate and voting on the platform clauses? Silly. Can you imagine a better way to put your audience to sleep, not to speak of provoking open discord?

The subject of the four-part serial was "The Coronation of Jimmy Carter," and the show stuck to the script. Citizens whose memory stretches all the way back—like two or three years—may recall that the Democrats were telling us in those days how our cherished Republic was being wrecked by what they called "the imperial Presidency." The Democratic Party's historian laureate, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., even assembled a book with that for title. What they meant by "the imperial Presidency" was Richard M. Nixon, whose scalp they were after—and got—for the high crime and misdemeanor of blocking hungry Democrats from access to the joys of incumbency. Although most Democrats promptly forgot about the phrase as soon as they got rid of Nixon, Jimmy Carter seems to have taken it at face value. He has assumed

Wouldn't You Know?

Where Sherman's troopers trampled;
  Where proud Atlanta fell;
Where poor Aunt Pitty-Pat collapsed
  When Yankees rang her bell;
Where carpetbaggers gathered
  To play "Ambassador,"
They're giving us a nominee
  Progressive to the core.

W. H. VON DREELE

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the imperial Presidency even before getting elected to it. Certainly this Madison Square Garden show was more like an imperial coronation than like political Conventions as we used to know them. Besides the ceremonies, its only serious function was to proclaim the monarch and to do his will with respect to such trifles as program and Crown Prince.

The selection of the latter, filling the blank week before the Madison Square ceremony as well as the first three Madison Square days, was perfectly in the imperial mode. Like feudal vassals come to swear allegiance to their suzerain, each suppliant journeyed to the throne, whether set up in Plains, Ga. or the Americana Hotel, N.Y.; did obeisance; and begged the imperial favor. All were given a thoroughly televised royal blessing at the conclusion of the audience, though all knew that only one would carry off the prize.

The show's costumers, beauticians, barbers, and makeup experts did an impressive job. As everyone could instantly see, this was no McGovernite rabble. Gone were the bare feet, dirty jeans, tangled hair, pot, obscenities, and freakish shirts. This was Middle America in its best bib and tucker, the Kiwanis lunch and Ladies Auxiliary tea and Holiday Inn reception, on its best behavior. Nor was God forgotten this time on the authorized entry list. It has been many a quadrennial since God has been so often invoked by so many at a national political congregation, or since so many speakers were moved to close their remarks with a "God bless you." Nor was the nostalgic mood neglected. The old troupers were given their first minutes under the spotlight, and everyone adored it. The decorous crowd smiled and cheered and clapped and wept a little as Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace and Coretta King poured it on, just as if it had been Sophie Tucker in one of her annual last performances.

You can't help feeling, though, that all was too serene at the Jimmy Carter show—too serene to be wholly real. Under the tranquil surface, and not very far under, there still lurked the Democratic Party's restless and contentious monsters, even if they are held in check for the moment by Jimmy Carter's soothing touch and the smell of power. You could sense their rumblings last week in the muted complaints of the women's libbers and the black caucus, the uneasiness of many trade unions and ex-Wallace delegates, the suspicions of the antiwar veterans and Establishment liberals, and the intransigent slogans of the ten thousand anti-abortion demonstrators in the city streets.

Will the Great Homogenizer be able to hold all these divisive molecules in stable suspension through November? He would be a Miracle Worker indeed if he could make it last through an entire Administration, but even these few pre-election months may call for a minor miracle. How long can Ramsey Clark and Robert Drinan and Bella Abzug and Ronald Dellums lie down peacefully with Richard Daley and John Stennis and Pat Moynihan and George Meany? with rednecks and bluecollar ethnics? with Harvard professors and limousine liberals? The surface of Jimmy Carter's Peaceable Kingdom looked tranquil and serene enough last week, but that surface is still very thin, as everyone somehow realized, even in Madison Square Garden, in spite of the euphoria. If the Republican challenger selects the right barbs and fires them true, he may find it surprisingly easy to pierce it, and to stir up those monsters.

Thrilling Victories

I'm always enraptured when reading
  How Hannibal hurdled the Alps;
Although it's perverse, I love to rehearse
  How Custer lost all of those scalps.
At Salamis, Athens was super;
  At Inchon, MacArthur won clean.
And though I'm a *goy*, I also enjoy
  Israelis stiff-arming Amin.

W. H. von Dreele

Keynoters: Glenn and Jordan

The prospect, at least, seemed promising: twin keynote addresses by Senator John Glenn of Ohio and Representative Barbara Jordan of Texas. Glenn, our first spaceman and an authentic national hero, is a Midwestern WASP and at the time was a leading vice presidential possibility. Jordan would provide a piquant contrast. Also a political comer, she is a black woman from Houston and reached national attention as a striking figure during the impeachment deliberations of the Rodino committee. Together they would certainly symbolize both the diversity of the Democratic Party and, perhaps, its future. On the opening night of the Convention, lamentably enough, Glenn bombed completely with a string of leaden clichés which he delivered rather listlessly, while Jordan, despite one striking passage, was almost equally vaporous. She received the longest ovation of the evening (three minutes) because: a) she is black, b) she has an emphatic personality and some platform presence, and c) all previous speeches that night were worse.

Ideologically, John Glenn stands somewhere close to the center of the political spectrum. He spoke of patriotism and the traditional virtues, performed ritual obeisance to "compassion," and stressed "freedom's incentive for each person to 'do it on his own.'" As that last quotation indicates, however, a Glenn sentence belongs in Alexander Pope's *Peri Bathous*, a hilarious treatise on rhetorical anticlimax. Here is a typical Glennism: "For ours is a people tired of drifting, a people determined to shape their own future, a people who will not have it any other way." Thud. Glenn also appears to believe that the formulation "we can and we must"

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Funversation: Jimmy Carter and St. John the Baptist

St. John the Baptist: Welcome, friend, to this place of eternal joy.
You'll find there is nothing here to sorrow, sicken, or annoy.
Jimmy Carter: Already I'm smiling.
St. John: That's a beguiling
Trick without a body. How do you do it?
Carter: Same way as down below: I became a reborn Christian and before I knew it,
I was smiling from ear to ear.
St. John: Well, you can relax now. We're all reborn up here,
Happy beyond belief.
Carter: That's a relief,
But if it's all the same to you,
I'll continue to do
My thing,
Which is smiling.
St. John: To each his own, friend.
Personally I'm into a whole new trend:
No more locusts, preaching, or baptizing for me.
Carter: Platitudinous Peanuts! Why, you're just the man I've been dying to see!
St. John: Dying? You can't be serious?
Carter: I mean I'm delirious
To meet the second most important Baptist of them all.
St. John: Jimmy Carter! When did you get the call
To come up here?
Carter: I was in front of a large audience, smiling from ear to ear,
When something snapped.
St. John: That's apt
To happen when a mortal's felicity fuse gets overloaded.
His next stop is Paradise.
Carter: It's very nice
To be here, but I was kind of counting on at least eight more years of bliss on earth.
St. John: Well, I know this isn't the White House, but if it's unalloyed joy and mirth
You want, with no California to spoil your smile,
Stick around a while.
Carter: Okay, but I don't think I should have been denied the nomination,
Just because of my high coefficient of jubilation.

—JOHANNES EFF

possesses great force, since he repeated it several times.

In substance Barbara Jordan's address was almost as empty, but she did strike one interesting note, critical of recent ideological whimsies on the part of the Democratic Party: "We have made mistakes. We admit them. In our haste to do all things for all people, we did not foresee the full consequences of our actions. And when the people raised their voices in protest, we did not listen. Our deafness was only a temporary condition and not an irreversible one. . . . Now we must look to the future. Let us heed the voice of the people and recognize their common sense. If we do not, we not only blaspheme our political heritage, we also ignore the common ties that bind Americans."

By remaining on the level of generality, Representative Jordan teases us. What does she have in mind? Absurd ukases from HEW? Or, could it be possible—forced racial busing? Not surprisingly, she wasn't letting on.

Barbarous Pierre

Speaking at ceremonies opening the 78th session of the International Olympic Committee, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau declaimed: "In an age in which our society is in danger of losing its sense of moral values, athletics teach us, through their discipline and ideals, the notion of wholesome renewal of the spirit." With a straight face he had the chutzpah to conclude: "Canada intends to recognize excellence, whatever the country of its origin, and to proclaim, with the great Olympic poet Pindar, that glory is the reward of the valiant."

So gross was this imposture that it causes a momentary flicker of admiration for Pierre. If the Montreal games included a hypocrisy contest, Trudeau would easily take the gold medal. Pressured by Peking, and hoping to cash in on a big grain deal with mainland China, Trudeau's government is seeking to exclude athletes from Taiwan from the games unless they agree not to compete as the Republic of China, display their flag, or play their anthem. The International Olympic Committee, of course, could withdraw its sanction from the games, but it would be wholly unprecedented for the IOC to allow principle to impinge upon its own self-interest.

Ideally, politics should not intrude upon sport. By its nature, the realm of "play" is an end in itself. Thus, play usually takes place in a special "space" set apart from ordinary space, and proceeds under special rules. In contrast, politics, like work, belongs essentially to the realm of means. To treat play as a means, or politics as an end, constitutes a conceptual confusion and also a profound form of corruption.

Unfortunately, in our less than ideal world, this distinction usually cannot be maintained absolutely. Because of the prestige—and sometimes the money—involved, big-time sports will always have to some degree a "means" aspect. As much might be said of art. It is not accidental, however, that the will to treat sports as

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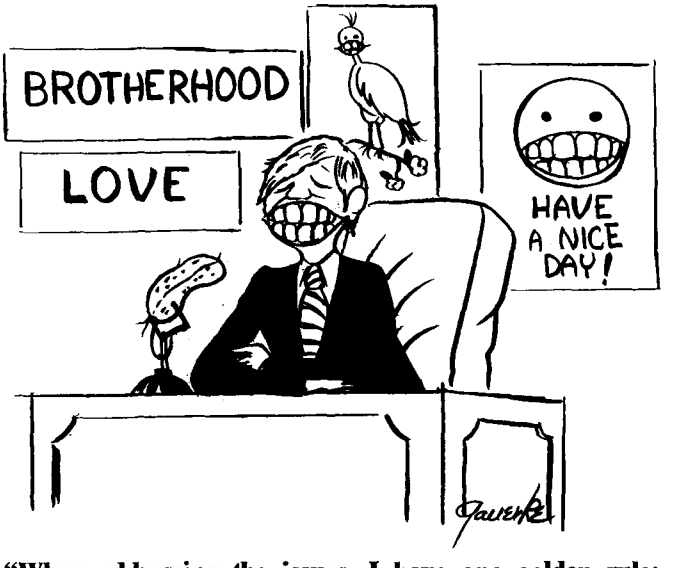
a means is most powerful in those nations that tend to politicize all other aspects of existence: Nazi Germany in the 1936 Olympics, the Communist nations and the reeking Third World dictatorships today. Attempting to reinforce the means–ends distinction is one mark of civilization. The Trudeau government has disgraced itself by imitating the behavior of the barbarians.

Butt Out, Your Honors

When the Supreme Court ruled that a child in the womb has virtually no legal rights, it left open the grim question who should decide whether it is to be destroyed. It has now given a troublesome answer: the mother shall decide—even if she has a husband, and even, in some cases, if she is a minor.

At issue in the recent rulings was a Missouri law whose provisions required spousal and parental consent for married women and single girls, respectively. In the former instance the Court ruled that although the father has a valid interest in his own offspring, he should not "unilaterally" veto his wife's decision to abort. It conceded that this meant allowing the mother to abort "unilaterally." But, said the Court, *somebody* must decide—so, since the woman is most directly affected, let it be she. This is specious. The Missouri law required that the decision to abort be *bilateral*: i.e., that both parents consent. This gave the father no more "unilateral" power than it gave the mother, since she could as well veto his desire for her to abort. The Court's opinion here opens extremely troubling questions: May a man now refuse to support a child he didn't want, since his wife (or paramour) has exclusive power to elect between giving birth and aborting? Should he be permitted to argue that since that election is wholly a woman's right, it should also be wholly her responsibility? The answer is not obvious. The Court gave no hint as to how a man may defend, or claim indemnity against the violation of, his acknowledged interests. Similar questions remain concerning parents of pregnant minors.

The Court's clinching argument was that since the state may not forbid a woman to abort, it may not "delegate" the power to forbid to a husband. But this assumes that all rights originate in the state, which is false. The state *recognizes* many prerogatives it may not claim for itself. A person's privacy, for instance, may be invaded by a spouse, but not by the government. There are other sources of power than the state, and the American system is so far based on this assumption. The abortion decision, if it is to be a decision, belongs to the family, although the precise mode of implementing it may be defined by state or local law. However well or ill such law does the job, there is nothing in the Constitution to warrant the Court's intrusion in this matter. The Court has erred grievously in these decisions, substantively and procedurally.



"When addressing the issues, I have one golden rule: Never discuss politics."

Is Scranton on Sodium Pentathol?

U.S. policy toward southern Africa received a surprising articulation on July 9, when UN Ambassador William Scranton, in answer to press questions, casually condoned guerrilla warfare as a means for bringing about what he called "the liberation of southern Africa."

Asked whether the U.S. had any objections to black guerrilla warfare in Rhodesia, Scranton replied: "No, that's entirely up to them." He added that "We're going to go right on trying [to achieve 'majority rule'] without violence." He also noted that U.S. credibility in black Africa would depend on "our help and abetment in the liberation of southern Africa."

Scranton's use of the terms "majority rule" and "liberation" added a grotesque footnote to George Orwell's famous essay on "Politics and the English Language." Neither will come to pass, not "majority rule" and not "liberation," even if the Smith and Vorster regimes are simultaneously overthrown tomorrow.

Scranton's indifference to guerrilla warfare indicates that he has become entirely too assimilated at the UN General Assembly. Who would have expected this Pennsylvania patrician to go native during so brief a tenure? As practiced in Rhodesia today, as in the past elsewhere, guerrilla warfare exacts its heaviest toll upon civilians. Its immediate targets today are black. It routinely commits atrocities. It recognizes no rules of warfare, much less the Geneva stipulations.

The United States, moreover, has formal diplomatic relations with the Republic of South Africa, presumably the next target of Scranton's "liberation." If Mr. Scranton has declared a state of belligerence with that government, perhaps Congress ought to know about it?

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Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

An item in today's *Los Angeles Times* reminds us that the lavender community in San Francisco is still up in arms over President Ford's snub of Oliver Sipple, the disabled ex-Marine (and alleged homosexual) who saved his life when Sara Jane Moore took a shot at him. The cold shoulder, it appears, has been total and chilling in the extreme: no phone calls, no invitations to the White House, not even a free presidential ballpoint. The gays are mad as hell about this, and say that it must have to do with Mr. Sipple's alleged sex life. They say it's utterly reprehensible.

I have to agree. After all, the point is not whether the man likes making it with hamsters or getting tied up and whipped—or whether he enjoys the chaste life of an anchorite. The point is that he is a great national hero, the peer of Pershing and Grant and fully fit to stand beside them in bronze effigy on the courthouse lawn. There have been plenty of semi-legendary grifters who spent thirty years or more in the Congress or the Supreme Court without equaling this man's contribution, and I'd rate him above at least three Presidents in importance; he rates a ticker-tape parade and a bank holiday on his birthday at the very least.

After all, he singlehandedly saved us from President Rockefeller.

Cordially,
George Warren
Van Nuys, California

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Times are hard all over, so I relate the following incident in the hope that it will amuse you. A young man from Berkeley and a young lady from Wellesley were eating dinner with me at the Law School's Commons. During the meal, the topic of conversation turned to finding suitable replacements for sexist pronouns. The young lady, suitably liberated, proposed the word "she/he," while the gentleman from the Bay Area suggested that "it" would be far simpler and much easier to pronounce. I observed that both ideas were of equal merit, and that by rights they ought to be synthesized into—you guessed it—"she/heit." I thought it was a very good idea, but neither the gentleman nor the lady has spoken to me since then, and for the life of me I do not know why.

Sincerely yours,
Paul Strohl Jr.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was touched by your column "Elton John—Are You There?" [September 1975]. Mr. John seems a nice enough fellow and his music is interesting—not just noisy. I keep hoping Mr. John will consent to see your Maria. She sounds like an enchanting child. I hope you'll let me and/or your readers know if the meeting took place.

Sincerely yours,
Sandra J. Madden
New Canaan, Connecticut

Dear Miss Madden: Thank you, the meeting took place finally, in Denver, Colorado. The headline in the paper was *Elton John from London/Meets Maria Cervantes from New York.*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please let me have your diagnosis of and remedy for our present plague of politicianitis.

Hopefully yours,
John Hardy
Sharon, Connecticut

10 cc acidus prussicus, 3X daily. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "Notes and Asides" for June 25, 1976, you stated that Jefferson wrote the phrase "certain unalienable rights" into the Declaration of Independence, while "inalienable" is the word nowadays used. An all-time Bicentennial goof, Mr. Buckley. Jefferson used the word "inalienable"; Congress eventually adopted the "unalienable" reading, so *that* is the word we nowadays use —at least, when we're being accurate. (The switch, Carl Becker argued, was made by John Adams who was also on the Committee of Five that Congress charged to draft the document.)

Furthermore, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, "unalienable" meant "unalterable," whereas "inalienable" had a stronger, more juridical import, relating to undivestable Lockean natural rights. *Pas de quoi.*

Sincerely,
James Viator
Claremont Graduate School
Claremont, California

P.S. In case *NR* should continue perpetrating crimes against historicity, my retainer fee is quite reasonable.

Posh. Academic pish. You don't go around saying Thomas Wolfe didn't write that word from *Look Homeward, Angel*, Maxwell Perkins did. Jefferson listed himself as author of the Declaration of Independence, which is good enough by us. As for your *fee*, learn first how to use the word historicity correctly. Abi, Viator, et imitare si poteris.

Cordially,
—WFB

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Reflections on Entebbe

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE SPONTANEOUS RESPONSE of Western opinion, official as well as individual, to Israel's Entebbe operation was enthusiastic applause. Even in the Communist and Third World nations there were hints of unofficial enjoyment (Idi Amin himself graciously expressed his professional admiration), but this was quickly blanketed by official denunciation from an almost solid anti-Western front.

What evoked the immediate individual enthusiasm is obvious. In spite of decades of humanitarian tutelage, most human beings just naturally admire a display of combined courage and skill, especially when it involves a sudden reversal in the plot—what Aristotle called *peripeteia*.

However, the individual thrill soon got tangled up in politics and ideology, even in the West. Within a couple of days, the Entebbe affair had been translated from an exciting adventure to another "issue" on the UN docket, tied in multiple tapes labeled "sovereignty," "territorial integrity," and "international law."

2. The ideologizing done by the *New York Times* was, for a change, in accord with the spontaneous response of most Americans. "The civilized world owes the government and armed forces of Israel a permanent debt of gratitude for the courageously conceived and brilliantly executed rescue of more than 100 hostages from pro-Palestinian terrorists at Entebbe airport in Uganda . . . The extraordinary raid 2,500 miles into unfriendly territory, to snatch the hostages out of the hands of captors supported by the petty tyrant who rules Uganda, was an effective declaration of independence from international blackmail."

Ommissionary Rhetoric

That was on the 5th, and the next day the *Times* added: "Against the predictable—and hypocritical—cries of 'violation of international law,' the Israelis have every justification to take any step within their power to neutralize the criminal behavior of hijackers who ruthlessly and habitually endanger innocent lives."

This is enheartening for the occasion, though some readers may have noted a sudden reversal—*peripeteia*—in the *Times*' ideological tune. For the past four years, in its comments on the doings of the CIA, the FBI, the Pentagon, and the Nixon White House, we have become accustomed to such basic moral principles as "The end does not justify every means," "The President and CIA Director are not above the law," "No nation has the right to intervene inside the borders of another nation," etc., etc.

For a rhetorician there is also a certain charm in the insouciance with which the *Times* omits all references to those aspects of the Entebbe affair that might temper somewhat the absoluteness of its moral diktat. The paramilitary raid becomes only a "rescue." The self-serving Israeli statement of Amin's complicity in the kidnapping is accepted without proof or qualification. No mention is made of any casualties or damage caused by the raid. Nor is there any demonstration of how the Entebbe outcome will in fact serve to deter future terrorist action.

To Every Age, Its Own Wars

3. The Entebbe affair proves the inadequacy of an abstract moral attitude toward political terrorism. It is a simplistic fallacy to believe you can settle the moral problem of terrorism by declaring all terrorist action wrong. The counter-terrorist Israeli operation was itself a terrorist operation. Like most complex human actions, it was ethically a mixed bag. Some of its elements—at least some of the killings, the property damage, the violations (*pace* the *Times*) of international law—were wrong when judged in isolation; others—the rescue of innocent victims, the example of firmness toward evildoers—were good and right. Overall moral judgment of the action in its entirety is a complicated venture in casuistry—as is the case, also, with judgment of some of those CIA dirty tricks we made such a fuss about not long ago.

4. Once again, and most strikingly, the Entebbe operation showed that in political and military matters, *will* is the decisive factor. Not half the world's wealth plus the world's most advanced weaponry got the flabby-willed U.S. Government anywhere in Angola. The odds against the success of the Entebbe operation were dozens to one, but the Israelis had the will to *let their people live*. They had plenty of luck, too—but haven't the poets always told us that fortune favors the brave?

5. In deciding to mount the Entebbe operation, Israel scorned World Opinion (though her spokesmen have done their usual skillful job, subsequent to the action). In instructive contrast, it seems to have been respect for World Opinion that was primarily responsible for the U.S. flop in Angola.

6. It is a mistake to suppose that an exact line can be drawn between terrorism and war. Terrorism is the continuation of war by other means. In his great history of the Mediterranean in the Age of Philip II—the English translation of which was published last winter—Fernand Braudel writes:

"By 1574, the age of war by armada, expeditionary force, and heavy siege was practically over. Did the end of official war mean peace? Not entirely, for by some apparently general law, warfare simply took on new forms, reappearing and spreading in this guise. The suspension of major hostilities in the Mediterranean after 1574 was undoubtedly one cause of the subsequent series of political disturbances, including the increase in brigandage. On the water, the end of conflict between the great states brought to the forefront of the sea's history that secondary form of war, piracy. . . . We are forced to a pessimistic conclusion. If the history of human aggression in the Mediterranean in the sixteenth century is neither fictitious nor illusory, war in its metamorphoses, revivals, Protean disguises, and degenerate forms, reasserts its perennial nature. *Bellum omnium pater*—the old adage was familiar to men of the sixteenth century. War, the begetter of all things, the creature of all things, the river with a thousand sources, the sea without a shore: begetter of all things except peace, so ardently longed for, so seldom attained. Every age constructs its own war, its own types of war." □

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CAMPAIGN ANY YEAR

If you're only familiar with "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," you haven't been keeping up with your presidential campaign songs. Herewith an unexpurgated guide to the ditties. And you thought speeches were bad?

Presidents and Poetasters

JOHN GREENWAY

Ripsey rampsey, Humpsey Dumpsey,
I, Dick Johnson, killed Tecumsey.

GONE ARE THE DAYS when our minds were all okay, and a man like Richard Johnson could achieve sempiternal re-election by doing little more than sing a doggerel couplet about how he had benefited mankind by killing an Indian instead of subsidizing him.

Of course Tecumseh was no ordinary *Homo phoenicopteros*. As the militant brother and St. Paul of the messianic prophet Tenskwatawa, he was indirectly responsible for the election of three useless Presidents—Tippecanoe and Tyler too and Ole Tip's otherwise unqualified grandson, Benjamin Harrison. For that alone Tecumseh would have deserved the extreme penalty, even if he had had the genetic misfortune to be a Caucasian. But killing First Original Native Americans was once a holy and wholesome thing, which only a few of our Presidents could boast of. The alternative now is promising to give the country back to the Indians. Dick Johnson almost made it all the way on Tecumseh; he *ripsey rampseyed* through twenty years in Congress, ten years in the Senate, and four years in the Vice Presidency.

But even in the tranquil days of Dick Johnson there was a poetic cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand. Songs of pretentious squit were already being sung by woolly-headed voters on the colonial cobblestones. The most nauseating came, as was to be expected by anyone who learned history out of a source more sophisticated than the Little Golden Books, from The Man Who used the Alien and Sedition Acts when *his* ox was being gored; The Man Who sanctimoniously swore great things upon the altar of God though he was not a Christian; The Man Who barely escaped impeachment as governor of Virginia; The Man Who called himself a Republican but who invented Democrats; The Man Who had a smaller presidential vote than either Lincoln or JFK; The Man Who wrote as much of the Declaration of Independence as JFK wrote of *Profiles in Courage*; The Man Who valiantly responded to the British capture of Washington by galloping in terror across Goochland County while the Redcoats were burning the presidential residence brown (the prelude to its being forever named the White House after a real and symbolical whitewashing)—I give you the third President of the United States, Tricky Tom Jefferson.

No plebeian *ripsey rampsey* for Tom. Asked not what he could do for his country; the exchange was implicit in his campaign song:

The gloomy night before us flies,
Its reign of terror now is o'er;
Its gags, inquisitors, and spies,
Its herds of harpies are no more.

Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice,
To tyrants never bend the knee,
But join with heart and soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty.

That paean had all the poetry of the anthem created a few years ago by the Australasian agrarian reformers:

The Trade Union Movement in New Zealand,
Australia, and the Pacific Islands
Has made a determined resolution
To resist further air pollution.

Admittedly this is not a campaign song, but Australia has little need for them. If a Labor government, like an outbreak of the Black Death, should again start spreading its infection, the Governor General will simply call a new election, as Sir John Kerr did last fall, so quickly that there is no time to run a musical campaign.

WE COULD have been spared the chundering rhetoric of Jefferson in our history had Alexander Hamilton not thrown the House of Representatives vote to Jefferson in 1800 because after some deliberation he decided Tricky Tom stood just closer to Heaven than Burr and the Devil. Peeved, Burr shot Hamilton to death in the village of Weehawken:

Oh, Aaron Burr, what have you done?
You've shot great General Hamilton!
You hid behind a Canada thistle
And shot him with your old hoss-pistol.

Conceive, if you can, the ignominy of dying in Weehawken.

The campaign singing of William Henry Harrison's wobbly supporters was uniquely lacking in lyrics, since most

Among other things, Mr. Greenway is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado.

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of them were tongue-tied by Tip's fermented cider. Harrison himself, having made the stuff, was in no condition to sing for himself as Dick Johnson had, and in any event Nicholas Biddle, his creator, had laid down the inviolable rule for his campaign:

> Let him say not one single word about his principles, or his creed—let him say nothing. Let no committee, no convention, no town meeting ever extract from him a single word, about what he thinks now, or what he will do hereafter. Let the use of pen and ink be wholly forbidden as if he were a mad poet in Bedlam.

Harrison turned out to be an excellent President notwithstanding; he died after a month in office. When Harrison and Tyler passed into oblivion, the Democrats overcame the cider vote:

The magic names of Tip and Ty
To humbug folks won't do, sirs;
The people know them and defy,
Which makes them look quite blue, sirs.
Their coons are dead, their cabins down,
Hard cider grown quite stale, sirs,
And at the people's withering frown
Their leader grows quite pale, sirs.

Another Southern composer wrote,

De niggar vote am quite surprising;
We's all for Clay and Frelinghuysing.

Even in my brownest study I have never been niggardly in denigrating any race, but I fear the Southern rhyming was less racial than regional. As one eminent critic concluded,

Poor South! Her books are fewer and fewer;
She was never much given to literature.

THAT NETHER geographical region has never been as accurate a prognosticator of presidential elections as Maine. Somewhat prematurely in 1868 de darkies were singing a transparent parody of Henry Clay Work's "Year of Jubilo":

Old Andy's gone, ha, ha!
And Old Ben's come, ho, ho!
It must be de kingdom am a-comin'
In de year of Jubilo.

But before the villainous Ben Butler joined the hyenas, there was a mythical fellow invented by Carl Sandburg, often confused, as an astute historian put it, with a Civil War politician by the same name. The Great Equivocator essayed several lines of political versifying, even adapting his hypocritical predecessor Jefferson's hymn to his own "Lincoln and Liberty" and stuff like

Ho, the car Emancipation
Rides majestic through the nation,
Bearing on its train the story
Liberty, a nation's glory.

But his most effective production caught the irrefutable device of Dick Johnson's intangibility:

Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness;
Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness
Down in Illinois.

That kind of advertising is unbeatable, having no semantic handle to get hold of. It is as immune to reason as the rhetoric of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, or Father Divine. One of the more lethal products of the Civil War was the popular song, and a lot of them dealt with politics, though they were mercifully fewer than songs about peanuts.

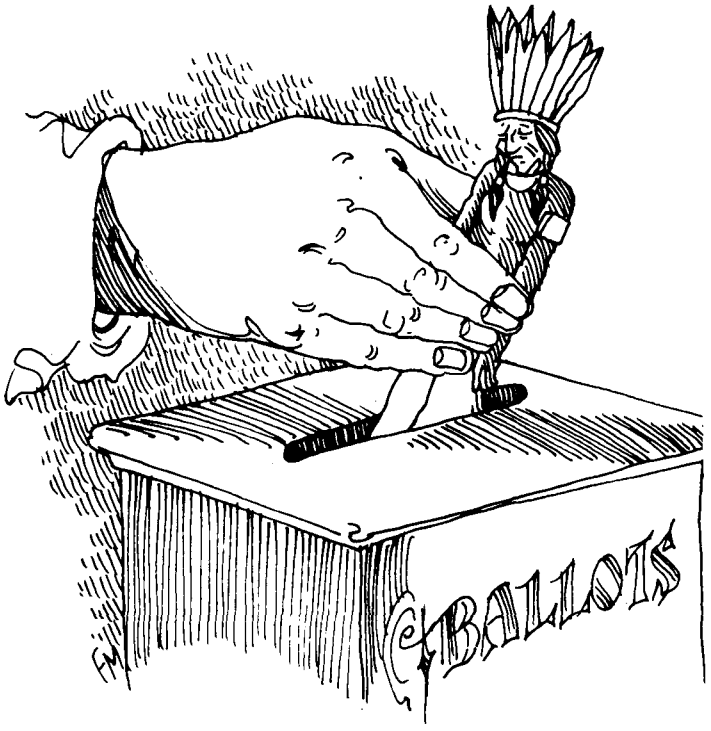
After Linkum's death, his songs sank from the sublime to the silly:

John Wilkes Booth, in his last play, all dressed in broadcloth deep,
He gallops down the alleyway, I hear those horses' feet;
Poor Lincoln then was heard to say, and all has gone to rest,
"Of all the actors in this town, I loved John Wilkes the best."

Old Abe with that bullet in his head was also heard to say, by someone given to hearing voices, "Tell General Abner Doubleday not to let baseball die."

The very best thing a President can do for himself and his country is to die violently in office, and not make the common mistake of swelling the rout of lads who wore their honors out. Some—not I—would say they are forever memorialized because dying was the best thing they ever did. Who would ever have heard of Garfield or McKinley if some nut had not knocked them off? In point of ironic fact, Charlie Guiteau is better known in tradition than his victim. In the Elizabethan literary genre of "The Condemned's Last Good-Night" Charlie sang,

Come all ye tender-hearted people
And listen what I say,
And likewise pay attention
To these few words from me.
For the murder of James A. Garfield
I am condemned to die;
On the thirtieth day of June
I meet my fatal doom.



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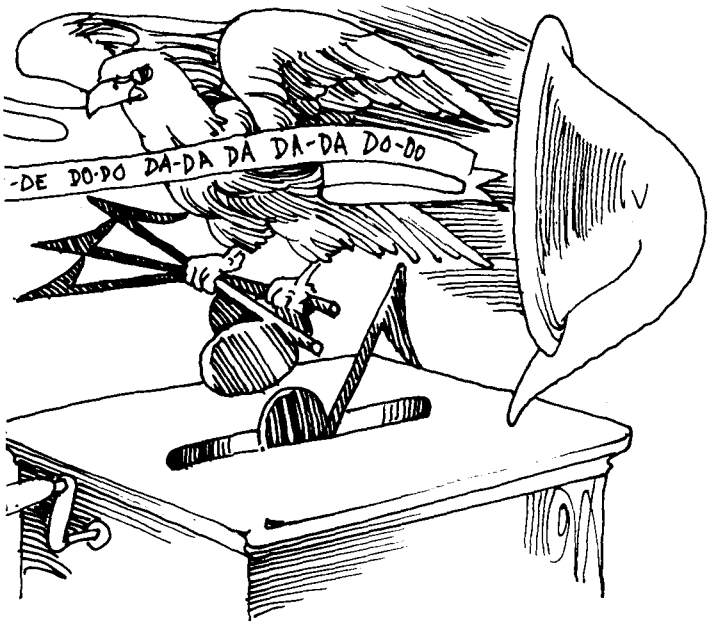

The fact will not readily be given credence, but there are nevertheless some people who have heard of neither Grover Cleveland nor James Blaine. Blaine ought to be preserved in Republican memory at least, for it was one of his supporters, the Reverend S. D. Burchard, who called the Democrats "the party whose antecedents are rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Hardly worth a song apiece, Cleveland and Blaine are lumped together in one of the People's Party warsongs:

On the Fifth of November, oh, where, tell me, where,
Will the voter stand? Away back at the rear.
And, my dear Mr. Blaine, it begins to look blue;
I'm really afraid you'll be found with him too.
Your friends, and Cleveland's, are scolding away.
If we credit what each of the other side say,
You are a most precious and beautiful pair,
And should, without doubt, be consigned to the rear.

Rolls trippingly on the tongue, *na*?

Better remembered because he chose the next best thing to dying—doing nothing—was Warren Harding. The Oldest Inhabitants can still recall jumping rope to

Harding, Harding, he's the man;
I can't vote but my Daddy can.

Which establishes one unexpected inference: that the children of fifty years ago were every bit as dumb as our own Most Enlightened Generation since Creation.

It would be best to cast a veil—or a tarpaulin—over the tragic era of FDR, but his campaign excreted more partisan songs than that of any other maker of presidential mischief. One of the many classics the political laureates created for him went

One, two, three; one, two, three,
Franklin D. is the man for me;
Lift him low, lift him high,
Franklin D. is the only guy.

Eisenhower did not achieve much in his tenure except an occasional bogey at Augusta, but traditional folksong takes serious note of him. "I Like Ike" was sung often to universal applause:

Now, I like Ike—he's a friendly guy;
When things go wrong he doesn't pine and sigh.
His cheery smile and friendly grin
Help you forget the mess that you are in.

A pal of mine lost his job and car
While Ike was out golfing, shooting for par;
He couldn't find a job for days and days
But for good old Ike he had lots of praise:
"I like Ike . . . I love that smile . . . Helps me forget my troubles."

It took a century and a half for a political rhyme to equal Dick Johnson's *ripsey rampsey* for simple effectiveness. Two lines drove Lyndon Johnson from office.

Hey, hey, LBJ,
How many kids did you kill today?

With equal fervor Johnson's opponent, Barry Goldwater, for whom the time was out of joint, became quickly encrusted with songs of more complexity but comparable viciousness. One stanza of an interminable "Talking Blues" (the same poetic vehicle as "I Like Ike") deals with detente:

The Senator talks of war with a good bit of hindsight
As he looks at the world through a rose-colored bombsight.
But if he gets in office I'm afraid that jerk'll
Tell the people just to form their wagons in a circle.
Take the fleet out of mothballs . . . Activate Old Ironsides . . . The Nina . . . The Pinta . . . *and the* Santa Maria

Quoting more of the "Talking Goldwater Blues" runs too rough against the grain of a man like myself, who in those days subscribed to the slogan ALL THE WAY WITH CURT LEMAY.

AT THAT point in history, as the *New York Times* would say, presidential songs reached a zenith of charm and protean adaptability that made them as pertinent to the Democratic Party as to the Prohibitionists. Witness this winsome ditty:

You lowlife trifling bastard,
You shithead thieving snitch;
You selfish, greedy, bastardly thief,
You goddam son of a bitch.

Most political chroniclers have not heard of that particular masterpiece, for there is a Gresham's Law of poetry that enables the bad to drive out the good. The honesty of conservative history compels us to record the effusions of Just Jerry terHorst, whose anointment as press secretary by President Gerald Ford sent the *Washington Post* into an orgasmic frenzy. Even the Injuns liked him, thinking "J. F. terHorst" was a paleface misspelling of "Chief Two Horse." But alas for upright objectivity; Jerry lasted in office as long as William Henry Harrison. The bare bodkin that did him in behind the arras was his conscience, which would not permit him to serve a man who pardoned the unspeakable Richard Nixon.

Everybody agreed with the *Washington Post*'s conclusion

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that terHorst "even as a reporter . . . earned a reputation as a straight-shooter who scorned any political line in his writing." Well, as the Mormon divine J. Golden Kimball used to say when he ran up against palpable nonsense, "I don't know about that, now; I don't know about that." Back in 1961 Barbara J. Coleman of the White House Press Office gave me a sheaf of campaign songs nonpartisan, nonpolitical Jerry and a couple of lesser amanuenses wrote on the Kennedy press plane in 1960. One does not have to eat the whole of an egg to know it is rotten, and one morsel of terHorst's compositions turns one off as fast as if they had been written by Pierre Salinger. Still, one must be fair, and they are not bad for a man who cannot even spell "Gerald." Picking up the desperate Henry Cabot Lodge's warning that if Nixon were elected he would put a Negro in the Cabinet, terHorst sang out,

Gone are the days when the Cabinet was Jim Crow;
Now Treasury has a boss named Old Black Joe.
Lodge did it all, that blueblood so-and-so,
He heard a crowd in Harlem calling,
Old Black Joe.

I'm for it, I'm for it,
But my head is hanging low;
We heard that crowd in Harlem calling,
Old Black Joe.

From that prentice work Jerry evolved to compositions like

My name is Richard Nixon, I'd make quite a President,
Extending freedom round the world—it won't cost you one red cent;
I'll poke Nikita in the nose and punch Pope John for Lent—
America's heart is sound.

and

Nixon's in the kitchen with Khrushchev,
Nixon's in the kitchen I know;
Nixon's in the kitchen with Khrushchev
Putting on a TV show.

The other compositions in my sheaf will not see the light of day unless terHorst protests these attributions, at which time I will publish the rest of them. Those who live by the pen die by the pen.

When terHorst's fragile moral sense compelled him to resign in righteousness, his ole buddies in the National Press Club welcomed him back to the refuge of truth with

Hello, Jerry, welcome home, Jerry,
Though you didn't stay so very long.
You did it great, Jerry,
Told it straight, Jerry,
Even when those White House sharpies tried to steer you wrong.

The poetic connoisseur will eagerly turn from that abomination to this anonymous quatrain:

Because he would not tell a fib
Jerry got it pretty hard;
In touching off a righteous squib
He was terHorst by his own petard.

We come at last to the Bicentennial end of the road, fortunate to have survived so long under a procession of such Chief Executives. The University of Colorado, though not widely known for its poets-in-residence, nevertheless let a melodic crepitation on one presidential hopeful's athletic prowess, sending it forth on the Chappaquiddical tune of "What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor?" Protesting the bursar's misappropriation of student fees, youth complained of expenditures of

Dough to help the prexy's ginnin',
More to spend to liberate women,
And hire Ted Kennedy to teach 'em swimmin'
Early in the morning.

In view of the circumstances that scarcely one registered voter in ten has ever heard of Gerald Ford (those who cast ballots for him in the primaries doubtless thought they were expressing their preference in automobiles; he was lucky he was running against a Reagan and not a Volkswagen), it is remarkable how many songs are appearing to chronicle his most impressive psychological characteristic. I offer these scurrilous things without comment, for who knows what November will bring to those of us who owe hostages to fortune? I simply give, in the unsullied spirit of Jerald terHorst, a sampling of the present stage of political cantatas. The first, a parody of the traditional Appalachian tribute to Mother's suspended likeness, "Picture on the Wall," explains the removal of the once-ubiquitous image of the incumbent President in our post offices:

Off the wall, off the wall,
The presidential picture's off the wall;
For the Postal Service said
The custom now is dead
'Cause it spooked the patrons by its hourly fall.

The Second Law of Thermodynamics assures us that all systems—biological, physical, political, and musical—will, by inescapable entropy, run down. We are surely near the end with these Falling Ford songs:

Vail's most famous skier of all
Says he'll slide in the spring, not the fall;
For it would be a sad thing
To break his neck in the spring,
But worse to succumb in the fall.

One cannot go beyond the desecration of a stanza obviously belonging to that loveliest of all bawdy ballads, "The Ball of Kirriemuir":

The GOP's best hope
Has us all in fits,
Sliding down the skiing slope
And landing where he sits.

This capsule survey of presidential campaign songs is offered, I say, purely in the spirit of unemotional history, in the reportorial tradition of John Peter Zenger and the *Village Voice*, because the people have the right to know all the news that's fit to print. Further the deponent sayeth not, but keepeth his own counsel. *Ripsey rampsey.* □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Cold Eyeball to Cold Eyeball on Southern Africa

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

FOR A CERTAIN type of personality, realism can be as heady a drug as that more familiar stimulant, idealism. To pursue the metaphor cautiously, both potions can be beneficial when taken in moderation. But I am afraid that my valued friend and colleague Jim Burnham, whose cold-eyed realism about world affairs is surely one of the major assets of the American Right, overindulged in his column in the July 23 issue of *NR*.

Splicing the recent riots in Soweto and other black townships of South Africa to Secretary Kissinger's Lusaka policy statement (which preceded them by nearly two months), Burnham concludes that "The West is ready to abandon" Rhodesia and South Africa, and thereby permit "the decolonizing wave to complete its surge through to the Cape." The whites of southern Africa may resist a while longer, but basically they are through.

Let's Be Realistic

All this, mind you, in the name of realism. Nowhere does Burnham say that he personally *approves* of this development; on the contrary, the absence of huzzas points, if anywhere, in the opposite direction. The kicks involved here are of a far more sado-masochistic variety: We are being invited, like so many white-smocked clinicians, to observe (from a safe distance, of course) the imminent extinction—total, inevitable, and no doubt bloody—of several million people much like ourselves. Thus spake Zarathustra.

I forbear to pick a philosophical nit by inquiring just whose territory Burnham thinks the white South Africans are "colonizing." Instead, I accept Burnham's implicit invitation to be realistic; indeed, I reciprocate it. Let's see just how hard we can bite this bullet.

Take Rhodesia first. We are forever being assured these days that the white government of Ian Smith is doomed. Callaghan says so. Waldheim says so. Even Kissinger says so. But when, exactly, is its actual fall going to take place? In a large country like Rhodesia, almost completely surrounded by hostile black neighbors harboring terrorists, it is manifestly impossible to prevent occasional hit-and-run attacks on rail lines, isolated farms, or even stray tourists. But what's so rare, let alone intolerable, about that? If Kissinger had been passing through La Guardia Airport in New York City at the wrong moment last December 29, he would have had his head blown off by the same terrorist bomb that killed 11 other people. Jim Callaghan is Britain's Prime Minister today only because he wasn't in the lobby of the London Hilton at 12:19 on the afternoon of September 5.

Conquering Rhodesia is going to be quite another matter. Nobody seriously thinks an army of blacks could do it alone; but what if they were stiffened with Cuban troops, as they were (successfully) in Angola? According to the *New York Times* for April 30, 1976, a (white) South African detachment, briefly operating deep in Angola late last year, reportedly encountered a larger force of Cubans armed with Soviet weapons. When the smoke blew away the Cubans had fled, leaving upward of 150 dead and 30 tons of shiny Russian hardware behind. South Africa's losses: four men. Is there any reason to think the Rhodesians would fare worse?

The plain truth is that it would take a massive invasion of blacks and Cubans, heavily armed and constantly fueled and resupplied by the Soviet Union, and probably both led and stiffened by Russian or other European "volunteers," to bring down the Smith government. Personally I regard such an invasion as highly improbable: but let's be generous in little things and spot Burnham Rhodesia. How about South Africa?

If you have never been there, please be advised that South Africa is a very tough nut to crack indeed. Its 4.5 million white inhabitants (compared to Rhodesia's 270,000) command a strong and thoroughly modern economy, not to mention by far the most powerful armed forces on the continent of Africa. Though they have not yet achieved a state of total economic independence, I have heard no serious suggestion that they could be brought to their knees by a boycott, or that they are incapable of manufacturing locally anything necessary for their defense—including atom bombs.

Message to Moscow

And that brings us to the true bottom line in this matter of realism. In a very few years, membership in the nuclear club, together (crucial point) with a willingness to use nuclear force if threatened with extinction, is going to be the only real diplomatic trump card left in the deck. South Africa not only can build atom bombs if she has to; she is one of the few nations on this side of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains (Israel is another) with the capability to deploy them where needed—and that includes dropping them on Moscow or smuggling them into it if necessary—and the certified guts to use them.

Wouldn't you like to listen in on the (hypothetical) conversation, five or ten years hence, when an Afrikaner Prime Minister of South Africa, with a telephone in one hand and a Bible in the other, tells Comrade Brezhnev's successor what is going to happen to Moscow—and perhaps Leningrad for good measure—if a single Soviet-made tank rumbles across the border of South Africa? On those terms, just how vital do you think the Politburo would consider an all-black Africa to be?

Let the effete clerks of Whitehall and Foggy Bottom ring down all the curtains they want to. "Inevitable"? Balderdash. There will be brave and resolute white men alive and well in South Africa when the last armchair "realist" is a painting on the wall. □

Mr. Rusher, NR's long-time publisher, is frequently to be seen these days on Face Off, *the mini-debate on ABC's* Good Morning, America.

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RELIGION

From 1945 to 1965, Americans were flocking to church. A mere 5 per cent considered themselves outside the religious fold. By 1974, however, the boom had busted. The tie that bound has been broken

The Severed Roots of American Christianity

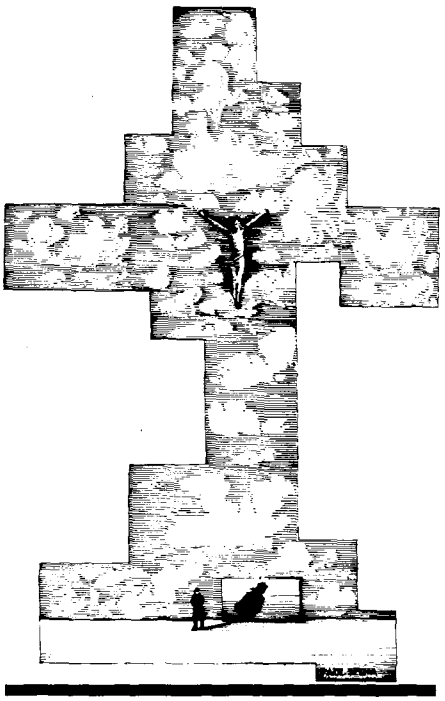
PAUL WILLIAMS

Introibo ad altare Dei.
Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.

THE LITURGY began—as it had always begun—when the priest approached the foot of the altar and recited these words. This was the prelude to the unchangeable parts of the Mass of the Catechumens. But the Mass no longer begins this way. These words are no longer spoken. Gone are the sacred Latin high liturgy, the scent of incense, and the sound of bells. The candles no longer burn before the statues of the saints—for the statues have also gone. The faithful Catholic can no longer "go to the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth," for even the altar has gone. It has been replaced by a "common table."

It is most difficult to remember in these days of meteoric decline in church membership that less than 15 years ago more than 80 per cent of the Catholics in America attended Mass "on a regular basis," in the terminology of the polls, while nearly 70 per cent of Protestants described themselves as steady churchgoers. From 1945 to 1965, America was in the midst of a religious boom. Churches were flooded with the faithful, and were being constructed at a back-breaking rate. The Catholic Church alone opened between 150 and 200 new churches each year. When John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960, less than 5 per cent of the American people considered themselves outside the religious fold.

It was during this time of tremendous growth that the churches fancied it necessary to make the faith more "relevant." The effects were nothing short of disastrous. By 1974, less than 50 per cent of the Catholics in America



attended Mass regularly, while only 37 per cent of the Presbyterians, 32 per cent of the Methodists, and 28 per cent of the Episcopalians described themselves as steady churchgoers. Churches have become modern, relevant, and empty. And each year the decline appears to worsen. Something terrible has happened. The Christian in America, among the ruins of his religion, knows it. He *feels* it. But it remains something elusive, something that he can neither locate nor articulate. Let us try to identify it.

To begin with, we must acknowledge that religion has played more of a sociological than a religious role in America throughout the twentieth century. Its major function, in other words, has not been to bring one into the presence of a transcendent God, but rather to confer a sense of self-identity within the bewildering complexity of American society. This, as Will Herberg points out in his classic study *Protestant–Catholic–Jew*, was the inevitable result of the continual waves of immigration that began shortly after the Civil War. Each year the immigrants came—sometimes at the rate of 15,000 a day—making America a nation of strangers. By the end of World War I, 35 million Europeans—the wretched refuse of those teeming shores—had left everything behind to start a new life in the New World. And upon landing, they were lost.

THE CONDITIONS of American life, Herberg tells us, confronted the immigrant with a problem he had never faced before—the problem of self-identity. A man must be able to identify himself with and among his fellow men, to locate himself in society. But upon reaching the brave new world, the immigrant found that he didn't belong. He became aware that to be an American meant to be an Anglo-Saxon. And, for the most part, the immigrant by his very appearance did not fit into the American mold. He could not identify with America's language, its manners, its way of life. So he sought out those who shared his foreignness.

In the Old Country, the immigrants had identified themselves by their place of birth: they were Prussians or Bavarians or Saxons, not Germans; Poznaniskers or Mazhevoers, not Poles. But the American experience taught them to disregard their differences in dialect and custom. They banded together with all

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who shared the mother tongue, even those to whom they had been bitterly hostile in the Old Country.

The immigrants swarmed together in the same sections of the rising cities. They opened their own markets and shops to cater to their own people. They published their own newspapers in their native language. And they also transplanted their own churches. In most cases, these churches became the centers of ethnic life. The Italian immigrant who went to Scranton inevitably joined St. Lucy's Church. By belonging to St. Lucy's, he concretized his membership in the Italian community. Had he decided instead to attend St. Patrick's Church just a few blocks away, he would have ostracized himself from his own people and become in their eyes an outsider, a loner. The tie that bound was ethnic exclusiveness rather than Christian love.

But this means of self-identification did not bind the children of the immigrants. The moment they entered school —the moment they went out to play with other children—they were made aware of their difference. Their foreignness became the object of ridicule. They were stigmatized as wops, polacks, hunkies, and harps. Their teachers presented their foreignness to them as something to be overcome. "Don't answer your mother," they were told, "unless she speaks to you in English." And so these children came to look upon their ethnic group as an enslaving force—as a force that prevented their assimilation into American society. Above all, they wished to be transformed and transfigured into "real" Americans like Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Tom Mix. Thus was the age of Clairol born. Hair was straightened and colored to aid in the assimilation process. At times even features—especially noses—were altered. Dominick Garonski became Don Gordon; Giovanni Pizzo became John Price. Yet, despite these frantic efforts, they were still not "Americans." The men of the second generation remained men of two worlds and strangers in both. The mythical melting pot could not melt them. It could only mask them. And it was frightfully easy to see through the mask.

During this transitional time, the ties to the Old World loosened. The ethnic clubs began to close their doors. Foreign-language newspapers dwindled in scope and circulation. In time, every feature of immigrant life appeared to disintegrate within the new democracy. Everything, that is, except the church. It remained the only link with the past. It alone remained to tell the third generation who they were and where they came from. They were no longer looked upon as foreigners; by their speech, their appearance, their way of life, they were Americans. But what kind of Americans? They needed a qualifier to describe their identity. They needed a sense of belonging to a carefully defined group. Herberg writes:

> The old-line ethnic group, with its foreign language and culture, was not for them, they were Americans. But the old family religion, the old ethnic religion, could serve where language and culture could not; the religion of the immigrants . . . was accorded a place in the American scheme of things that made it at once both genuinely American and a familiar principle of group identification.

And so, by the 1950s, religion became the primary means of self-identification in American society. If someone were asked what he was, his answer would be the brand name of his belief: Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. Not to be a Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, Herberg concludes, was not to be anything. It was not to have a name.

Thus it came to pass that religion formed the American people into separate, identifiable clusters. It provided them with a class, a genus, a family group. For this reason, an Irish Catholic felt closer to a Polish Catholic than to a Polish Protestant. They shared a common identity. They possessed the same basic beliefs, the same sacramental *rites de passage*, the same rituals. In the same manner, a lowly Baptist felt more brotherly affection for a lofty Congregationalist than for a Roman Catholic. He saw a Congregationalist as being of the same stuff as he was, while he viewed a Catholic as one of a different breed.

Therefore, even though ethnic endogamy declined, religious endogamy persisted. At the turn of the century, virtually 100 per cent of Poles married Poles, 87 per cent of Germans married Germans, and 75 per cent of Irish married Irish. By the 1950s, less than 50 per cent of Poles, 40 per cent of Irish, and 27 per cent of Germans wedded members of the same ethnic stock. Yet the religious lines remained firm and impassable: more than 85 per cent of Catholics married Catholics, and 80 per cent of Protestants married Protestants. Intermarriage, for the most part, was looked upon with abhorrence.

In the eyes of her family, a Catholic girl who married a Protestant boy married an outsider. For a Protestant, the idea that his child would be raised as a Catholic meant that his child would never really be *his*. His offspring would be severed from his heritage, from his social group, from himself. He, as a Protestant, would remain a stranger to his own flesh and blood.

Quite naturally, therefore, the Fifties were a time of rigid separatism. Protestant clubs and societies carefully kept their members from contact with Catholics, and vice versa. Private resorts, developments, lakes, and country clubs maintained religious restrictions to prevent the invasion of strangers. Rarely did anyone object to these restrictions. People innately understood the sociological importance of separatism. It was the American way of life.

The Fifties were a time of rigid separatism. Protestant clubs and societies carefully kept their members from contact with Catholics, and vice versa. It was the American way of life. Then came ecumenism . . .

Then came ecumenism in the garb of "enlightenment." It was not the laity but the influential theologians and clerics, both Catholic and Protestant, who fancied it a splendid idea. To these Don Quixotes, intoxicated with the impossible dream of a universal church, separatism was a manifestation of sinfulness and stupidity. It was a barrier to brotherhood that had to be removed at all costs. The Catholic Church, imbued with this new spirit, decided to "open the windows." The Decree on Ecumenicity of the Second Vatican Council reflected this new desire for reconciliation and religio-cultural rapprochement. In line with this decree, conferences between Protestants and Catholics proliferated. A new age had dawned: the age of *aggiornamento*.

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By 1975, 70 per cent of Catholics maintained that abortion should be made legal. The changing Church had changed them. They had been assured that the Church was changeless. But Vatican II proved otherwise

Aggiornamento, the key word of Vatican II, means updating, making relevant, replacing the old with the new. This process was facilitated by the use of a new and mundane vernacular liturgy. The translation of the Mass from sacred Latin to secular English had drastic consequences; indeed, the elimination of Latin from the Mass struck a blow at the very nature of Catholicism. It was Latin that transcended nationalism and testified to the universality of the Church. It was Latin that gave the Mass its mystique. It was Latin that made the Church a "*mysticum corpus*." It was Latin that enabled Catholics to believe they belonged to a strange and mysterious society in which wondrous words were spoken, words meaningful only to its members. And it was Latin that sharply distinguished the Roman rite from Protestant services, and the Catholic from the non-Catholic, just as a foreign language distinguished the immigrant from other Americans. The removal of Latin from the Roman rite affected Protestants as well as Catholics. How could Protestants stress *their* separatism, preserve *their* uniqueness, now that they spoke the same language as Catholics?

With the loss of Latin came other changes—minor, to be sure, but disturbing nevertheless. Until the early Sixties, Catholics were told it was a mortal sin to participate in Protestant services. But suddenly priests themselves—even bishops—began to take an active part in Protestant services to illustrate the new enlightenment. It finally reached the point where some nuns, hungry for novelty, actually delivered sermons to several startled Protestant congregations.

Other changes followed. Confused Catholics were instructed to sing such Protestant hymns as "Faith of Our Fathers" and "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" during Mass. Litanies and rosaries were replaced by lovebeads and topical homilies. All reverence for tradition was forgotten in the consuming quest for relevance. The holy mystery of the Mass was reduced to the hootenannies of the early Sixties.

The Catholic realized that something was radically wrong with his world. But what was it? It was something more significant than the changes in ritual, the removal of the altar rail and the statues, or the sudden appearance of nuns in short skirts. It was something that he couldn't voice—or didn't dare voice. After all, how could he attack the exalted ideals of ecumenism in the name of Christ? How could he defend separatism in the name of the sacred? How could he reject for religion's sake the notions of brotherhood, of sharing with his fellow Christians?

The recalcitrant Catholic could only finger his rosary in spite. He could but dimly understand that what so disturbed him was nothing less than the Church's turning from its own to others.

By this turning, the Church abrogated its sociological role. Most Americans, as we have seen, did not go to church simply because they were devout. Rather, they went because it was their means of assuring their self-identity, of confirming their place within a particular group. They were Catholics or Protestants. This was *what* they were, *who* they were. Their religion was their roots. And the Church, in turn, constantly told Catholics that their roots were firm. It stood as the Rock in a world of chaotic change. It maintained that its teachings were *semper eadem*—eternal and immutable—binding the generations, bestowing upon Catholics a clearly discernible character, a fixed morality that reinforced their distinctiveness. The very prayers of the Mass were punctuated by the phrase *per omnia saecula saeculorum*. The Protestants, for their part, stood firm in their opposition to these teachings. In this way, the Rock was also their Rock; it confirmed their solidarity in separatism. Then the Rock moved. The ecumenical movement inadvertently shook the earth. Sunday morning became Saturday night. Flesh replaced fish. The changeless changed. *Semper* became sometimes. The timeless itself was temporalized.

It was this sudden shift from separatism that severed the American people from their roots. Symbolically, Catholics were stripped of their "dogtags"—their St. Christopher medals—which had proclaimed their identity to the world. This loss was the price of the desired at-one-ment. Protestants and Catholics now shared the same sacred supper. "We're all the same anyhow," they were told; "we're all brothers in Christ."

With the loss of self-identity came a loss of moral character. Under the impact of Vatican II, the fixed moral teachings of the Church began to waver. By 1963, 40 per cent of American Catholics approved of artificial contraception; ten years later, 83 per cent approved of it. In 1963, less than 12 per cent of Catholics thought that it was not a mortal sin for an engaged couple to have sexual relations; ten years later, 73 per cent held this view. The Catholic character was no longer sharply defined. By 1975, 73 per cent of Catholics approved of remarriage after divorce, and 70 per cent maintained that abortion should be made legal for married women. The changing Church had changed them.

And betrayed them. They had been assured that the Church was changeless—an institution unmoved by the "whips and scorns of time." But Vatican II proved otherwise. Catholics had been deceived. Their roots had not been planted in firm ground. The Absolute had become relative. There was no Rock for them to cling to or for Protestants to take a sighting from. American Christians no longer knew their names. □

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THE PRIMARY MOBY

The Great White Southern Sardine

JOHN KEEFAUVER

With filmmakers desperately trying to think of a way to cash in on the phenomenal success of *Jaws*, they have discarded, reluctantly and one by one, the ideas of using a whale, an octopus, an unsmiling dolphin, a hunchbacked herring, a ghetto tadpole, an 18-foot tapeworm, and a gap-toothed rat with water wings.

Finally Wonder Brothers ("If It's a Good Picture, It's a Wonder!"), smartly realizing that today the gimmick needed is politics, has come up with a thriller about a Great White Southern Sardine, named the Primary Moby, who, attracting swimmers with his dazzling smile, either swallows them whole or smiles them to death.

This breakthrough film begins during a political fish fry and peanut roast on a Georgia beach with the camera focusing on the skeletal remains of the feast. As a young voter leans over the piles of bones to dispose of some peanut shells, one of the fish jaws slowly opens and smiles at her, which helps the plot. Gasping, she draws back, but soon over her face swims an expression of strange desire, and with a cry of "Hubba-hubba-hubba!" she races into the sea and swims off into the sunset.

The following morning a guest at the fish fry finds the female voter of the night before, dead, with an expression of awe, triumph, and pleasure on her face. Others join him, and as they look out over the water, they see moving silently through the sea not far from shore a Great White Southern Sardine with a dazzling smile.

In moments the steely-jawed chief of police and the greedy, weak-jawed mayor of the resort precinct arrive at the death scene. "Get me a psychologist!" bawls the chief. "It looks like this woman has been smiled to death by a Great White Southern Sardine."

"No!" screams the mayor. "No publicity! No smiling, overweight, exhibitionist sardine is gonna ruin our voting season!"

"I beg to differ with you, Mayor," says the chief stoutly. "I'll not stand idly by and watch all-American voters swallowed up or smiled to death by a giant sardine. We're going to kill this . . . Primary Moby or my name isn't Ahab."

The mayor finally and reluctantly agrees to an examination by a psychologist, and grimly the chief hears her report: there is a powerful Great White Southern Sardine glaze in the dead voter's eyes.

Immediately, the chief orders a helicopter, *The Udall* (sometimes called *The Jackson* or *The Wallace*), from the precinct's arsenal, and flying it over the giant sardine, which is still swimming off the beach, he empties his sidearm, then rifle, into its smile. At once out of the huge fish comes a lightning flash of electric smiles which, hitting *The Udall*, disables it and sends it fluttering back to the beach, where the chief is barely able to land it. "Get me *The Brown*!" he bawls.

The Brown, a submarine, sails out to do battle with the sardine, and eventually it succeeds in sending a torpedo into the fish's side. Strong men blanch and women drool as the giant sardine is towed to shore, still at full smile, and the mayor bellows at would-be bathers, "We got him! Into the water with you now! Enjoy!"

"Wait!" commands Ahab. "We must first have proof that this is the guilty sardine." And he calls back the psychologist over the shouted protests of the mayor.

Grimly the chief and the mayor hear the results of the psychologist's tests: even though it downed a helicopter, the sardine they've killed doesn't have that certain smile necessary to dazzle a voter to death. "This is a baby Great White Southern Sardine," she says. "Notice the length of his smile. With an adult Great White Southern Sardine, the smile's as long as it is wide. This, my friend, is an infant."

"Gentlemen," says Ahab grimly, "we have caught only the son of the Primary Moby. Getting Moby is a job for Queerqueg."

Salty Queerqueg, king of the Great White Southern Sardine hunters, sets out in his Sardine Smasher, *The Humphrey*, with a crew of two voters. After days of searching, they finally sight what they know is the Primary Moby because his smile is now in the shape of New Hampshire, which also enlivens the plot. The two crewvoters gasp as they watch the smile then change into the shape of North Carolina. But Queerqueg, who has seen everything, calmly lassoes Moby's teeth. The boat begins to move, pulled easily by the lassoed teeth.

For days the boat is pulled by Moby's teeth as Queerqueg waits for the sardine to tire. One afternoon the Smasher finally stops moving not far from the beach where the fish fry and peanut roast took place, and there is a stillness not unlike a painted smile upon a painted ocean.

Then: WHOMP! And before their awed eyes, Moby, leading with his dazzling smile, which is now in the shape of Pennsylvania, crashes through the bottom of *The Humphrey*. One crewvoter, shrieking "Hubba-hubba-hubba, ooh-ooh, ohooooooh, aah-haa, oh-yoh-dee-oh-da, gnog-gnog, ludda-ludda, HO-boy, he ain't a myth!" immediately dives into Moby's smile-opened mouth, which in rapid order, as he swallows, turns into the shapes of Texas, Indiana, Georgia, Michigan, and Kentucky.

No sooner is he swallowed than the second crewvoter dives into Moby's smile, which is now in the shape of Arkansas, and is also swallowed.

Then Queerqueg, muttering, "It's only the tooth fairy," gets too close and is swallowed up, too, disappearing into Ohio.

With that, every voter on the beach dives into the water and swims madly toward the smile of the Primary Moby, which is now in the shape of the White House, all singing in swelling chorus the allegro from Handel's *Messiah* as the waters part in front of them.

Is the voting season ruined? □

Mr. Keefauver, a freelancer, is a longtime contributor to NR.

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Two Elections

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

TWO ELECTIONS have recently taken place in southern Europe—the parliamentary election in Italy and the presidential election in Portugal. Italy's election solved nothing, while Portugal's (combined with her own parliamentary election two months before) put an end, for the time being, to the constitutional development which started with General Spinola's coup d'etat of April 25, 1974. Both elections raised more questions than they answered. The fate of these two countries, and the future of NATO's southern flank, is still very much in the balance.

In Italy, the battered Christian Democrats once again emerged as the largest party. However, the Communists continued to make gains, even though their efforts to achieve a majority jointly with the Socialists failed. Comparing this election's results, not with the regional elections of 1975, but with the more relevant national elections of 1972, we find that the Communists gained 5.6 percentage points in the Senate vote (for a gain of 22 Senate seats) and 7.3 percentage points in the vote for the Chamber of Deputies (for a gain of 48 seats). Some of these can be accounted for by the recently lowered voting age—21 for the Senate and 18 for the Chamber. As had been predicted, the Communists apparently took a large proportion of this newly enfranchised vote.

But there are other reasons for the large Communist advance. As the Communist vote increased, the Christian Democrat vote remained nearly constant. Thus, at first glance, one is inclined to believe that many supporters of the small parties of the Center—the Republicans, Social Democrats, and Liberals—and of the neo-Fascist MSI must have switched to the Communists. He who knows Italy well, however, will doubt such an interpretation, for though it is conceivable that MSI supporters might vote Communist because they are convinced that Italy needs a strong regime to enforce law and order, it is hardly likely that Social Democrats, Liberals, or Republicans veered in that direction. In all probability, the lost votes of the middle-of-the-road parties went to the Christian Democrats because that rather amorphous body appears to be the last redoubt against the Communist onslaught.

This, in turn, means that the Christian Democrats, while picking up votes from scared centrists, must have suffered defections—to the Communists—from Catholic leftists. It could be that the desperate last-minute appeals of the Pope and a majority of the bishops had a negative effect. Italy has a long anti-Papal tradition, going back at least to Dante, and it would be quite in keeping with the Italian character if numbers of practicing Catholics with leftist inclinations defied Papal authority and willfully voted for the Communists. The notion that all "good Catholics" are obedient servants and admirers of the Holy See is in any case naïve and unfounded. (Diana Cooper reports that Hilaire Belloc, when challenged about the weakness of Vatican policies, replied contemptuously: "What can you expect from a bunch of clerics?")

At present no real solution to Italy's political and economic problems seems feasible. But in the absence of a real solution, either Italy will simply continue to muddle through with minority governments or, if things get bad enough, there will be another election, this time possibly ushering in a popular-front government. The Christian Democrats have solemnly declared that they reject the "historic compromise" (Communist Party chief Berlinguer's proposal for a Christian Democrat–Communist coalition) and will attempt to establish another Center-Left coalition, this time with the Liberals—which, of course, would still not give them a majority in either the Chamber or the Senate. Any alliance with the neo-Fascists, who are the fourth largest party, is out, for they are lepers. And it is unlikely that the Socialists will again ally themselves with the Christian Democrats since they insist on the inclusion of the Communists. Rather, the Socialists will do as they have done in the past—tolerate a rump government of the Center-Left, in order to throw it out by withdrawing their support whenever a new election seems to promise them gains.

In the meantime the way of life to which the Italians have become accustomed will continue—endless political bickerings on both national and regional levels, intrigues, ceaseless strikes, financial crises, industrial disasters, bankruptcies, tax evasions, and the magic power of the *piccola combinazione* (the political deal). The entire situation is captured by the account of an American eccelesiastical dignitary residing in Rome. A year ago, having stopped along the road because of some minor trouble with his car, he had a conversation with a road worker. He asked the good man what he thought of the various "scandals" in the United States—Watergate, the CIA investigations, etc. The worker shrugged his shoulders. "That comes from having a government." But one day Italy is bound to get a government with a vengeance; the question is, which color?

MEANWHILE, Portugal now has a president, General Antonio Eanes, who was voted in by a majority of 61.5 per cent. (His vote, many feel, would have been even larger had the weather been worse: as it was, many Eanes supporters, confident of victory, felt safe in taking off for the beach.) Eanes was the candidate of the Socialist Party, the Popular Democratic Party, and the Democratic Social Center ("Center" in this context meaning "Right"); he is also the Chief of Staff. He defeated a field of weak competitors including the radical revolutionary Otelo de Carvalho (who polled 17 per cent), the bedridden leftist Admiral José Azevedo (14 per cent), and the Communist Octavio Pato (7 per cent). Senhor Mario Soares, the leader of the Socialists, will, in all likelihood, become Prime Minister at the head of a minority government; but real power will remain with the army, which has ruled the country since 1926 and which will now continue to do so with a parliamentary circus as a sideshow.

As in Italy, everything remains dangerously in flux. The whole of southern Europe is in flux. Democrats in Spain might do well to ponder the condition of their neighbors, and consider what awaits them. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Rosenberg Kids

Mike and Robbie are with me; we're marching now. I've swigged their elation: the vigor of it. Looking back, you have to be impressed. The column is four blocks long, ten or twelve shoulders wide; a gross tapeworm pinched into segments by Madison and Park and Lex. TORCHLIGHT MARCH, their advance billing said. Well, not torches, 5 & 10 candles; and mostly out. The June breeze, an acolyte, has snuffed them out again and again. Distance—just about one mile from Carnegie Hall to FBI HQ—will gradually float the strong, the fast up front. Mike Meeropol (né Rosenberg) is on top of that problem. Leadership: these are his people; he has inherited them. Mike orders a take-five: our camp followers, old and middle-aged, straggle up. He orders a song to keep the impatient, younger vanguard on their edge. Ecstatic, his head back, Mike sings, brays; unmusical but hyper and in charge, charged. Star quality, that's what he has.

Morton Sobell: wake him up at midnight, he'll fawn all over you. There's a cringe, a fetch-and-carry built into his marching. At street corners he'll ask Mike, "What do we do now?" His smile is supine, nervous; a Rosenberg flunky to the second generation. No one could make a *cause célèbre* or even a *cause anonyme* out of Morton Sobell. But Mike and Robbie—just kids orphaned by J. Edgar Hoover—they, I predict, are new phenoms of the Left. Mike is engaging, attractive: pesky front teeth knock smiles out. Even with long gold-red hair, with a mustache, he seems clean-cut. Robbie is darker and heavier; much less spontaneous. Yet on stage, they are both passionate, awfully glib: junior demagogues. They will be used, used, until they are worn quite through. A set of dangerous utensils. And I like them both.

Tugging: the hem of his garment. Mike turns. A female, dowdy and swollen: shy. "I was in the same class as your mother." He is excited; the excitement is natural and not coined. "Please give me your name. Maybe we can talk some time. I'm trying to learn about them, who they really were, my parents." Virtue has gone out of him: you fashion groupies so. Then a man from ABC: "Did you ever doubt their innocence?" "Sure, when I was young, but not since I've been intellectually mature. I'd ask them: Did you do it? That must've hurt my parents. I'm not saying they didn't do anything wrong. They were Communists and that was illegal under the Smith Act. But spies, no. I'm sure of that." And, yes, I'm sure he's sure. Blood will cry out for its expiation.

THE ROSENBERG CASE didn't happen twenty years ago. It's happening now. Just count the house at Carnegie Hall; Julius and Ethel draw better than Rod McKuen. Top names will settle for a cameo part in the Rosenberg road show: Cora Weiss, Howard Da Silva, Pete Seeger, Jack Gilford, Tony Randall. Listen to a brochure from The National Committee to Reopen the Rosenberg Case: "We are out to illustrate that the Rosenberg-Sobell case affects our lives today." It does; it will. Rosenberg-Sobell is cotter pin for Communist domestic strategy from last Tuesday to 1979. Outside Carnegie Hall I get select, instructive literature: U.S. TROOPS OUT OF KOREA (the Rosenbergs, Party liturgists intone, were killed to distract public opinion from U.S. involvement in Korea); FREE ALL VICTIMS OF RIGHT-WING REPRESSION IN ARGENTINA AND CHILE (Julius and Ethel are a wonderful synecdoche for imprisoned leftists everywhere); and denunciation after denunciation of the FBI (FBI credibility depends—that word isn't too strong—on Rosenberg-Sobell). Julius and Ethel will be tried over again. But this time, I think, the prosecution has been euchred into a no-win game.

Now you know and I know and they—of all people—know that the Rosenbergs were guilty. But they know this also: not even a President's assassin could get himself electrocuted at state expense today. Julius and Ethel are dead. Dead: deadness seems peculiarly heinous, final in 1976. Jesus' crucifixion seems cruel and unusual, too. In A.D. 36 or so it might have been cruel but it certainly wasn't unusual. The Rosenberg case has been taken on appeal to our permissive, post-Warren Court age. Julius and Ethel aren't on trial: the 1950s are; all theories of Communist conspiracy are. What they'll do, they'll time-warp our morality; it's chronological change of venue. Might as well hope to convict bigamists in Utah c. 1860.

THE FREEDOM of Information Act is a multi-purpose gadget. "Well," they'll tell you, "if there's nothing to hide in FBI files . . ." Reasonable, no? And that sweet reasonableness will persuade decent, good folk—Kurt Vonnegut and Joyce Carol Oates, for instance—to sign up. So far the FBI has released very little Rosenbergiana. At Carnegie Hall we get a theatrical reading taken from that very little. (I recall those Watergate dramatizations, Berrigan's play: they love to control the speech, the vocal tone of their enemies.) Nothing will suggest a frame-up, but Judge Kaufman (he corresponded with Hoover) was surely indiscreet. Indiscreet, that is, by 1976 standards: the time-warp again. In 1976 a murderer can get off if his arresting officer muffs the legal catechism. That's what's wrong with the FOIA. The private memos, letters, dialogue of even a church vestry would seem insidious ripped from their contemporary context. Read aloud by Tony Randall, believe me, they'd sound even worse than that.

FBI headquarters are on Third Avenue above a Coward Shoe store. No one seems to know exactly where. It won't matter: the block is thronged, perhaps 500 people. *FBI, eh, eh, eh/ How many files have you burned today?* Mike and Robbie keep time like coxswains. Best of all, they have Mike and Robbie. Not Communists, just children out to vindicate a mother, a father. The instruments are ready. We're about to be operated on again. □

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DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

GW Slept Here (Honest!)

George Washington slept in so many houses that one has the impression that he was taken to houses to sleep in them for the sake of posterity. However, when I first came to America in the late Thirties, I lived for a while in two of the houses where George Washington really *had* slept, a fact that at the time impressed others far more than me. One is usually hazy about the history of a country one did not learn as a child; furthermore, I had never met any Americans until I was old enough to take summer courses at the University of Geneva. I remember very well one of the American boys talking about Cambridge as being near Boston—when I perfectly well knew that they were by no means close together: I had never heard of the American cities, and assumed he was talking about England.

I came to the Washington-slept-in houses through the man I was then married to. He was a direct descendant of Nathan Appleton, who had died in 1861 (if memory serves me) as the richest man in Boston, thanks to his stake in the New England textile industry. Nathan Appleton's daughter Fanny had married Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and had received the Craigie House on Brattle Street in Cambridge as a wedding present. George Washington had indeed slept here, and here we too slept for several months—thanks to the generosity of the Danas, direct descendants of Longfellow, who took pity on us because we were poor and needed a place to stay.

The Craigie House, open for all to see, is indeed a handsome structure, three stories high, with white Ionic pilasters and side piazzas. It was built in 1759 by Major John Vassal, a Tory, and was one of the seven famous houses that made up Tory Row. When the Major fled to Boston in 1775, General Washington made the house his headquarters. Martha Washington joined him in December, and they celebrated their wedding anniversary there in January. Later the house came into the hands of Dr. Andrew Craigie, who built a banquet hall behind the study and who was so extravagant that his widow was at last forced to rent out rooms. Young Longfellow, then in his second year of teaching at Harvard, came as a lodger; his study had once been Washington's private chamber. When we were there, the house was filled with comfortable Victorian furniture, and only one room was not to be touched: the Poet's study. For the rest, it was ours to live in.

My most vivid memory of the house is of the numerous busts on the ground floor and on the stairs. Even coming from Rome, I had never seen quite so many busts in one house. Also memorable were the sets of Dante scattered through the house, in many languages, which the Poet had used in making his translation; an extraordinary shower that hurled needles of water at you in unexpected patterns; and the quantity of silverware on the dining table, most with the coat of arms Nathan Appleton had managed to rustle up for himself from wherever he came from in England.

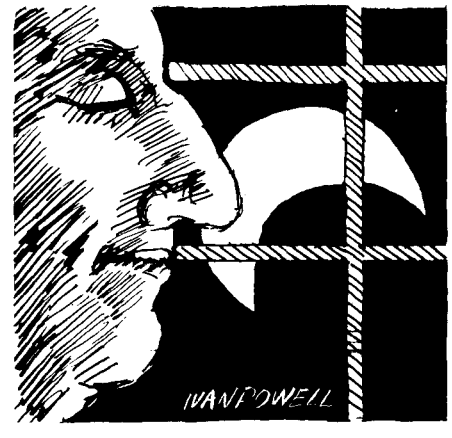
As I said, we were poor and ate the simplest of foods, such as baked beans and hamburgers. The table was laid for each meal by one of the two old Irish maids who took care of the house and showed it to visitors. Here we sat three times a day, under the famous picture of the three Longfellow girls, the Cellini cup on the red lacquer sideboard heaped with costly and useless objects, silverware stretching to right and left of us. We frequently took our coffee in the big banquet hall, which had served as Washington's HQ.

Looking back, I am ashamed to say that neither George Washington, Longfellow and his poetry, nor Cambridge made any great impression on me. But I liked the Craigie House because for the first time I had been made to see that a wooden house can be as grand and as handsome as European houses built of stone.

I am much vaguer about the other Washington-slept-in house I happened on at about the same time, one summer in Philadelphia. The house was the Powell House, belonging to the last mayor of Philadelphia before and the first after the Revolution. It was kept as a museum by the Philadelphia Society for the Preservation of Antiquities, which had let my former sister-in-law live in the back, in the restored slave quarters. (Very handsome they were, with a lovely garden.) Usually, a couple took care of the house and the visitors, but that summer, with my sister-in-law away in Europe, the sister of the man who ran the house for the Society, Miss Frances Wister, let us live in it and look after it.

The duties included closing all the shutters at night and reopening them in the morning, and coping with the complicated garbage disposal then current in Philadelphia, where wet and dry garbage were to be kept in different containers and collected on different days of the week. They also included showing visitors over the Powell House, a very beautiful mansion whose wood and plaster work are in the Metropolitan Museum. There was a small entrance fee, and we were allowed to keep tips, which we gladly did.

Two visitors stand out in the mind. A little old lady, with one hour in Philadelphia between trains, asked whether she should see Independence Hall or us; we shooed her to the former. The other was a distinguished gentleman who listened with a straight face to the spiel about the house we had learned for the visitors, and then identified himself as one of the restorers of Williamsburg; I invited him to have drinks with us in the garden. The most memorable of all the people of that time remains Frances Wister, formidable and lovable, who



wore very old clothes because everybody in Philadelphia knew who she was (which was true) and the others did not matter (true also). The first time I met her she told me, in the same breath, how to dispose of a sick dog, the name of the only scouring powder that would not hurt the fixtures, where to buy the best and cheapest wine, and to waste no time because life is short. God rest her soul. □

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FILM

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

Or, How We Undid It

It is inevitably frustrating to deal with a film about an episode as conducive to emotional outbursts, historical theorizing, patriotic high blood pressure, and binges of cynicism as "the Watergate mess." The simple question "Is it a good movie?" cannot be answered without seeming to take an extra-aesthetic stand. I remember not thinking much of Vittorio De Sica's *Garden of the Finzi-Continis* and promptly having to field accusations of callousness regarding the plight of Italian Jews under Fascism. Similarly, when something called *Sounder* moved white audiences to empty buckets of tears over the nearest dry black family, noble hound dog and all, my resistance to its treacly, fraudulent posturing was interpreted as a sudden disaffection with the NAACP.

All the President's Men runs the risk of creating the same kind of critical problem. An astute filmgoer who incidentally believes that the fall of the Nixon regime was an unjustifiable putsch engineered by sinister forces will be made extremely uncomfortable simply because an honest critical perception must acknowledge that this is a superior screen achievement. Of course, Nixon-haters need not worry. For them the film is a feast, and their political convictions will not be undermined by any cooler counterreactions to *All the President's Men* as pure movie. It should be added in all honesty that this time I am home free. As someone whose sanctimony-allergic gorge rose for good during the first national epidemic of Nixonitis back in 1952, I suffer no inner struggle over the merit of form *versus* the virtue of content.

It might be argued that *All the President's Men* isn't strictly about Nixon, perhaps not even about his appointed guardians who met disaster and then literary agents between the break-in and the resignation. It certainly can be seen as a cracker-jack newspaper yarn, a kind of updated *Front Page* with Deep Throat out of the roll-top desk and restationed in an underground Arlington garage. Considered on this level the film works beautifully. The scenes that capture the pulse and fury of the daily editorial process do so with an authority that goes beyond the particularity of the *Washington Post* and its Watergate coverage.

Alan J. Pakula, the director, who heretofore has shown virtuosity in a number of moods—chiefly sentimental (*The Sterile Cuckoo* and the disparaged but touching *Love and Pain and the Whole Damned Thing*) and urban *Angst*-ful (*Klute*)—paces a masterly narrative of events from the burglary to Nixon's second inauguration. The method is linear and simple, and

Pakula even manages to make something fresh out of that favorite cliché of screen public-events drama: the teletype close-up. *All the President's Men* opens with a blast of teletype sound setting the time at the fateful day in June 1972. For the final sequence, against the funereal cannon salvos of the 1973 swearing-in, the machine returns with a collage of messages that summarizes developments from that moment to the 1974 exiling. The choice appears neither arbitrary nor hand-me-down but strikingly apt, each word of the news items huge, with all the force of a pneumatically driven coffin nail.

Given so much material to cover, Pakula and writer William Goldman have chosen well. For example, although we see only a few of the figures of the period in acted incarnations (Sloan, Segretti), others materialize on videotape (Kleindienst, Ziegler, Nixon himself) or are given a disembodied telephone voice (Clawson, MacGregor, Mitchell). Each of these vignettes, real or reinterpreted, fits into the pattern of revelations with what, one concludes, is a minimum of distortion.

It is, above all, important to remember—and this will help those who find the Watergate scandal scandalously overblown—that *All the President's Men*, both book and film, is probably unassailably accurate as the account of how two reporters got a story. What the ultimate significance of that story will be and how the future will dispose of the judges and the judged are really other matters. That the break-in occurred, that Woodward and Bernstein (played in the movie with simplicity and tact by Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman) followed it up doggedly and obsessively, and that their typewriting led to consequences of which we are all aware cannot be denied. In addition, as a segment of history recorded so soon after the events themselves took place, both book and film cannot but be of extraordinary interest to future generations attempting to understand just what this upheaval of the 1970s was all about.

It would be fascinating to be at a revival of *All the President's Men* fifty years from now. For contemporary audiences, I feel, the film has to be less absorbing as a cinematic experience, the Watergate saga (as sharply packaged as it is here) being so familiar, so predictable. Our perspective is limited: an audience now sits through *All the President's Men* with an unhealthy ability to feed each character his lines. To Pakula's credit, his awareness of this problem produced only one false note—the injection by misguided emphasis of an element of menace, the idea that Woodward and Bernstein just possibly were risking their lives. Surely they could never have believed this more than an instant, for nothing would have undone the White House more quickly than the icing of its most hard-working attackers. It's just too preposterous on every count. The last thing *All the President's Men* could hope to be is a thriller. We know the outcome too well and we know that the adversary, entangled in his own net of intrigue, has few options for reprisal.

It was momentary shortsightedness that led the filmmakers up this fictitious alley. Fortunately the lapse is minor and does not detract from the effectiveness of the whole. Still, I do envy those moviegoers of the future who will look at *All the President's Men* with detached curiosity about the twentieth century, or with excitement at the discovery of how politics and the press interacted in a piece of the past whose edges and details have begun to grow exotically fuzzy. Surely they will have cause to appreciate the expertise and sheer immediacy of this filmed document. □

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BOOKS

Bring On the Gladiators

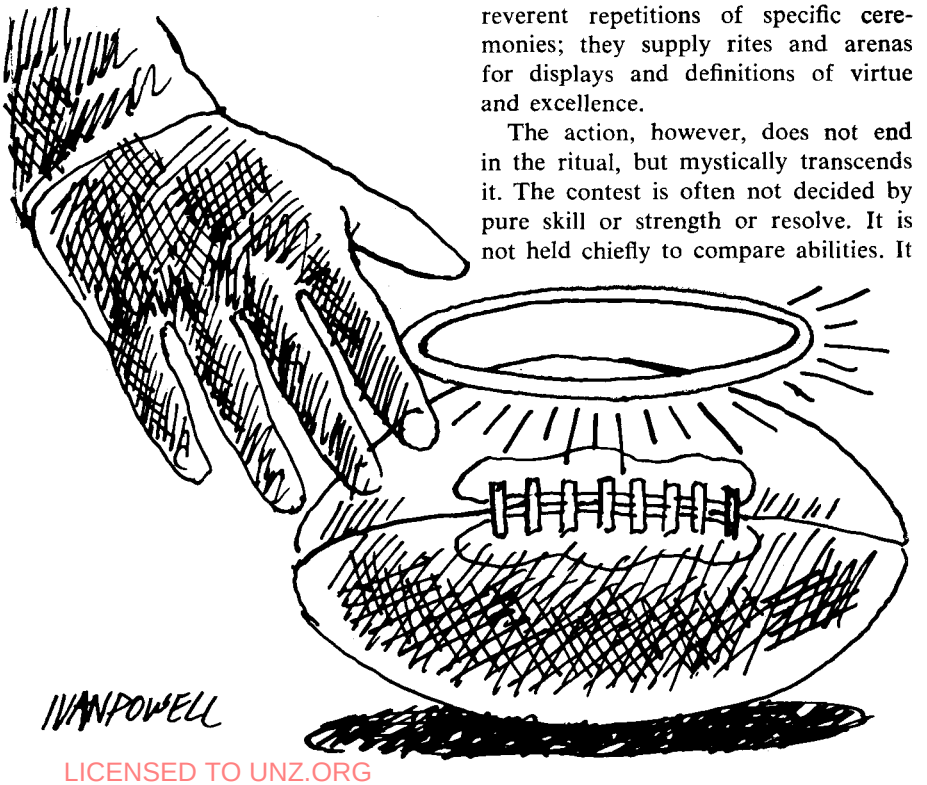
The Joy of Sports
By Michael Novak
Basic Books, 357 pp., $10.95

GEORGE F. GILDER

This book is revolting. Here, in this Bicentennial year, when Americans should at last be coming to grips with Serious Matters, with the racism and sexism and violence that pervade our national life; here, in this epoch of burning moral challenge, when the flames of fascism lick—no longer directly, from fiery crosses in the Southern night, but insidiously, from beneath the dark robes of a reactionary Republican Court—ever closer to the sacred palladia of the First Amendment and the Garrity Plan, threatening even the freedom of expression, the liberal golden gorges, of John Gardner and Linda Lovelace; at this time of terrible extremity, Michael Novak has fiddled, and Basic has published, in a garish red and yellow sports jacket, a book which responds, in effect: Take Me Out to the Ball Game! Let us pray for Notre Dame. Let us worship at a shrine of sports. Let us reject the "constituency of conscience," the responsible citizenship of the adult—which requires us to *keep up*, and participate, and protest in the real world—and return to the crushes and fantasies of childhood, the church and the stadium, synthesized and somehow convergent in a vaporous new transcendence: athletic glimpses of divine grace.

Novak is a Catholic thinker, a former columnist for *Commonweal*, the author of sundry books on religion and politics; his increasingly conservative views come with a lingering fragrance of liberal nostalgia. Like many lapsing leftists, he is in the process of discovering that the moralistic abstractions of his lifelong creed have nothing to do with the life he must lead, its real interests, institutions, and relationships. He has discovered in conceiving the book, for example, that he is more deeply and ardently engaged in the dramas of sports than in the ostensibly more "important" realms of public life. He finds himself caring more profoundly about the fortunes of the Notre Dame football team than about the inspirational concerns and preachments of Notre Dame President Theodore Hesburgh, a chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Novak even entertains the idea that the football team is more important than the Hesburgh team. Novak also prefers *Monday Night Football* to *Meet the Press*, the World Series to the UN. He is bored with suppressing these priorities, tired of being a peeping fan; he begrudges his feelings of guilt and self-deprecation about his addiction to the Dodgers.

He has come to believe, first as an intuition of faith, later as an article of philosophical conviction, that sitting in a stadium, or even in front of a TV screen, watching a game, rooting for a team, he is closer to God, to ultimate things and meanings, than he is when he listens to a speech of Gerald Ford's. Novak would say, in fact, that in leaving athletics to pursue a career in government, Ford moved from a higher to a lower order of reality, from a realm of ends—of play, valuable for its own sake—to a realm of instruments, useful only in their functions and effects; that he has moved, in other words, from religion to plumbing. The test of politics is how much room it leaves for more important matters, like sports.



NOVAK'S argument is complex and sophisticated, and suffers in synopsis. Since his last book, *Choosing Our King*, expounds the religious dimensions of politics, it would be a mistake to characterize him as bluntly anti-political. But he does maintain that sports are more purely sacred than most other parts of our lives. Sports events take place in reserved and "sacred" time and space; they are liturgical in their reverent repetitions of specific ceremonies; they supply rites and arenas for displays and definitions of virtue and excellence.

The action, however, does not end in the ritual, but mystically transcends it. The contest is often not decided by pure skill or strength or resolve. It is not held chiefly to compare abilities. It

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is held, Novak maintains, largely as an occasion for grace. The fan (from *fanum*, Latin for temple) seeks in the victory of his own team—the luck it enjoys, the moments of nearly beatified excellence that athletes at their best uncannily attain—a signal of divine approval; a numinous aura that touches alike the performers and their followers. In language perhaps familiar here, sports provide a symbolic way, far better than politics, to "immanentize the eschaton."

I AM CURRENTLY in England, where recognition of excellence has been declared virtually illegal by the Labor government, at least with regard to anyone so impertinent as to seek reward for enriching the British economy. A businessman, in general, is considered guilty until proven innocent, and worthy of subsidy by reason of poverty and incompetence. The only area where the natural, but politically unmentionable, ideals of hierarchy, merit, and inequality fully prevail is sports; and the British these days are as obsessed with games as they are wearied and bored by politics. They now have four trackmen favored for gold medals in the Olympics, any one of whom, for displaying comparable fire and initiative in economic life, would be suppressed, if not incarcerated. The contrast between the splendid realities applauded on the field and the banal fantasies regnant in Parliament—between high ideals of excellence and courage in sport and the dreary reign of bureaucratic mush and mediocrity elsewhere in England—dramatizes the truths that Novak eloquently celebrates in *The Joy of Sports*. And it gives some hope for us and for England.

The book does have flaws. Occasionally repetitious or self-indulgent, it is about 75 pages too long. Dealing with the matter of women in sports, Novak hems and haws for pages before making some garbled proposals for affirmative action: for example, touch football games for women to accompany the major college football events. The fact is that most sports, in every human society, are chiefly male rites, and women do not take an equal part or interest in them. The effort to force-feed football to little girls is suggestive of the patronizing egalitarianism that is everywhere stultifying and confusing our sexuality.

Novak's ideas for protecting or improving our current sports are little better. He proposes new government commissions or regulatory agencies to control every aspect of athletics, from salaries to broadcasting, but he offers no assurance whatever that these bodies would actually be governed by the high purposes he assigns them. The principle of separating church and state, I should think, applies here.

His attitude toward team owners and their charges falls into a most unfortunate jargon of fatcat exploiters and enslaved athletes. Displaying the usual liberal priggishness about money, the usual indulgence of government and horror of private power, Novak would give some federal agency the real authority to limit and regulate the salaries of professional stars, but—shocked by symbols—he attacks the concept of team "ownership" and the "sale" of athletes. What we need, according to our author, is yet another movement of government-run liberation, so that in the future no O. J. Simpson would ever have to play in the snow (or get unattractively rich).

Novak's reforms collectively would make athletics one more domain of government, embroiled in all the usual political fatuities—from affirmative action to wage and price controls—foreshadowed already by the endless absurdities of government meddling in our colleges and universities. It is genuinely frightening to see how an otherwise bold and sensitive observer can fall for nostrums of government intervention that would likely strangle the thing he loves.

Nonetheless, Novak concentrates most of his officious proposals in one forgettable chapter, while elsewhere he provides what must be the best essay ever written on football, and a potpourri of other, only slightly lesser delights, from vivid anecdotes to provocative philosophy. In general, his is a brave and truthful book that, beginning with a focus on sport, ends by casting rare and penetrating light on the entire crisis of Western culture and politics. In the league of social theory, he is easily this year's most valuable player. □

George F. Gilder *is the author of* Naked Nomads. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** *raises rattlesnakes in Vermont.* . . . **William Murchison** *is on the staff of the* Dallas Morning News.

Simple Justice
By Richard Kluger
Knopf, 823 pp., $15.95

A STORY FROM THE BORDER

JACK CHATFIELD

Be it judicial tyranny or the vindication of the claims of Negro Americans, a revolution in constitutional jurisprudence or a return to the "original understanding" of the Fourteenth Amendment, the *Brown* decision of May 17, 1954, which overturned racial segregation in public schools, is a major event in a great story, and Richard Kluger is a first-rate storyteller. And as surely as there is poetry in Paterson or the Union dead, there is poetry in those momentous names from the heart of America: *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, *Gong Lum* v. *Rice*, *Hurd* v. *Hodge*, *Shelley* v. *Kraemer*, *Sweatt* v. *Painter*, *Brown* v. *Board*. There is a kind of poetic momentum as well in the weighty words of lawyers, judges, plaintiffs, and defendants, whose personalities bear the indelible marks of region, nationality, city, or race: Spottswood Robinson, Thoroughgood (later Thurgood) Marshall, Waties Waring, Felix Frankfurter, Ada Louise Sipuel. This is a Southern story, but not a Southern story alone. Instead, it is a story of the American border—of Kansas, Oklahoma, Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, and the District of Columbia. And near the climax of the tale, North and South were joined as John W. Davis of Davis, Polk, whose constitutional principles were traceable to Jefferson but whose law firm was a pillar of un-Jeffersonian Manhattan, emerged from retirement to argue the case for the sovereign state of South Carolina.

SO MUCH has been written on the subject of race in recent years that it may be impossible to imagine how fresh and absorbing the history of the *Brown* decision is. It is history at once social, constitutional, intellectual, and political—the intersection of the American earth with the American mind. To read *Simple Justice* is to rediscover an America that was buried, so to speak, under the rubble of the Sixties, an America in which Negro citizens were

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praying for relief from one of the most vicious and iniquitous social systems ever devised. In its account of the personal and social upheavals that were refined by lawyers' briefs and court mandates into a legal revolution, *Simple Justice* engages the mind and the emotions at their most vital point.

One is struck by a multitude of things in Kluger's book, but none more than the degree to which the history of *Brown* v. *Board* is a history of words: words in memos, briefs, and court decisions; words spoken on the witness stand or from the judge's bench; words made leaden by jargon, or made lively by the pulse of colloquial speech; words refined and words indecipherable; words which changed America. In constitutional history the nation's fate is contained in the interpretation and meaning of words. What does the Fourteenth Amendment say? What do *Plessy* and *Gong Lum* say? What do *Sweatt* and *McLaurin* say? Before the Supreme Court, it was the oral argument that counted, and oral arguments, in the era of *Brown* v. *Board*, were made to Felix Frankfurter. During the first *Brown* hearing in December 1952, Justice Frankfurter interrupted Thurgood Marshall's argument 53 times, and each interruption was a painful probing. Then, near the end, Frankfurter foreshadowed the Court's eventual decision when he spoke one sentence, vast and simple, to the NAACP attorney: "I follow you when you talk that way."

Much has been written for and against the Court's decision in *Brown* v. *Board*. Recently, James Kilpatrick, who was as close to these events as anyone who was not a direct participant (one of the five cases in the *Brown* "package" came out of Prince Edward County, Virginia), wrote a sympathetic review of Kluger's book but concluded that, even if the *Brown* decision struck a blow for racial justice (as Kilpatrick, a former segregationist, now believes), it was nonetheless "bad law." But Kluger's book convinces me more than ever that the Supreme Court was driven to the *Brown* decision by an inexorable logic—a logic that was not simply social or political, but constitutional.

If *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* were to stand, it had to stand on its most dubious—and here I am being charitable—contention: that enforced racial segregation, extending over generations in a rapidly changing nation, did not confer a "badge of inferiority" on the Negro race. But it was clear to everyone in 1954, as it should have been in 1896, that racial segregation in the American context could have no other effect. Segregation, as Justice Harlan, a former slaveholder, said in his *Plessy* dissent, was a caste system, not a symmetrical arrangement of discrete cultures in a metropolitan nation.

To say that the *Brown* decision was "bad law" is to say that the Court should have instructed the plaintiffs to await a future turn of events which was at the time unimaginable and which in fact could not have occurred without the overthrow of legalized segregation. If the Negro has overcome the sense of inferiority that is the heritage of slavery and segregation, it is partly because of the Court's decision in *Brown* v. *Board*. In this connection, it is a strength of Kluger's book that he emphasizes that caste segregation was nourished by a series of Supreme Court decisions that are constitutional abominations. Indeed, the early jury-selection and white-primary cases, together with decisions like the *Berea College* case of 1908 (which forbade integration in a private institution when it is chartered by the state) are as bad in their own way as *Dred Scott*.

HISTORICAL memories are short in America for reasons too complex to outline here. Certainly the rush of events obscures or distorts the past by placing it beyond the reach of our poor imaginations. Could there have been a time when an aged Negro man was fenced in, boxed, and caged at the Oklahoma Law School? Or when a black congressman was asked to leave the smoking car when his train entered the state of Arkansas? Indeed, so much has changed, even as so much has remained the same, that it is difficult to remember that such changes could not have been foreseen. We are wrong if we allow the crises of the present day to confuse us about the choices that lay before the Supreme Court in May 1954. □

Born Again
By Charles W. Colson
Chosen Books, 351 pp., $8.95

COLSON, CARTER, AND CHRIST

JEFFREY HART

I have met Chuck Colson only once—as it happens, in his distinctly unregenerate phase—and I found him utterly charming. Our meeting occurred in August 1972 at the Doral Hotel, and Colson at the time was orchestrating two of the all-too-rare successful conservative political operations in recent memory: the New Majority campaign, designed to pull ethnics, union members, and other socially conservative Democrats into the Republican column; and the Attack Group, which leaped with glee upon McGovern's frequent inanities. Colson, thou shouldst be in the White House at this hour.

Indeed, he brought to all this a great deal of zest, a genuine Huck Finn-ish glee in socking it to those who for so long had been socking it to us. Demogrants, you say? Acid, Amnesty, and Abortion! Greeks for Nixon!

Little did I suspect that Colson was then going through, or at least was on the threshold of, a spiritual crisis. Yet on the evidence of this moving and completely convincing book, he was indeed.

Colson's account of his recent past opens a window on an important contemporary phenomenon, one with potentially immense social and political implications. There now appear to exist innumerable hard-driving and outwardly successful men, often at the pinnacle of business, the professions, or government, who—precisely because they have been so successful—discover the limits of secular success and peer over into the abyss of despair.

Consider, for example, Jimmy Carter. From our earliest glimpses of him in his young manhood he was obviously what they call an over-achiever. Annapolis, nuclear submarines; then success in his second career as a farmer; then restlessly moving on to politics, running for governor of Georgia. His defeat in that first try for the governorship precipitated Carter's spiritual crisis, a measure of the fury with which he pursues these goals. Asked by his evan-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME AUGUST TITLES: After Jennie dies of leukemia, Oliver is in the "emotional deep freeze" for a time, then goes jogging and meets a luscious blonde. To discover whether she develops multiple sclerosis, read *Oliver's Story* (Harper, $6.95) by Erich Segal. . . . Russell Kirk descends from the academy and enters the sepulchre to contribute a ghost story to *Frights: New Stories of Suspense and Supernatural Terror* (St. Martin's, $8.95), edited by Kirby McCauley. . . . George C. Marshall offers you *Memoirs of My Services in the World War 1917-1918* (Houghton Mifflin, $10). . . . Edward Crankshaw, in *The Shadow of the Winter Palace: Russia's Drift to Revolution, 1825-1917* (Viking, $12.50), portrays an era when Russia's rulers were at least not their country's sole native criminal class. . . . Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's three major addresses since his expulsion in 1974 are now available as *Speeches to the Americans* (Farrar, $5.95; paper, $1.50).

Page Smith argues, in *Jefferson: A Revealing Biography* (American Heritage, $12.50), that Jefferson was essentially a creative artist rather than a statesman. . . . Charles Y. Glock and Robert N. Bellah have written a scholarly tome called *The New Religious Consciousness* (University of California, $14.95) whose theme is that within the youth culture belief in a personal God is in decline. As, of course, is belief in the personal godliness of young people. . . . Given a readable translation, Thomas Kiernan's *Arafat: The Man and the Myth* (Norton, $9.95) might grow better on the West Bank than olive trees. . . . *The Moscow Scene* (Stein & Day, $8.95) by Geoffrey Bocca presents a portrait of an oppressed society whose women have yet to be told about The Pill. . . . David G. Morley's book is called *The Missing Links: Golf and the Mind* (Atheneum/SMI, $8.95); it starts out from the premise that golf is "90 per cent a mental sport," and sounds suspiciously like an ingenious attempt to rehabilitate Modern Republicanism.

■ AUGUST LAST-WORD-IN-REVISIONISM DEPARTMENT: According to Arthur Koestler's *The Thirteenth Tribe: The Khazar Empire and Its Heritage* (Random House, $8.95), most of East European Jewry—and thus world Jewry—is descended not from the Semites but from the Khazars, a bellicose, semi-civilized people of Turkish stock who for political reasons converted to Judaism and throve between the seventh and eleventh centuries.

■ AUGUST TEAR-UP-THIS-BOOK DEPARTMENT: One plucks at random a thought from Suzanne Brøgger's European best-seller, *Deliver Us from Love: A Radical Feminist Speaks Out* (Delacorte, $8.95): Monogamy is "the cannibalism of our time."

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gelist sister whether he could give up politics, Carter first said no. Then, evidently perceiving his enthrallment to a fickle god, he decided that he could give it up; and reached beyond secular things to the permanence of faith.

Colson reached the limits of the secular at the time of his greatest triumph, the 49-state New Majority landslide he had been so instrumental in putting together for Nixon and, he felt, for America. Watergate then amounted to little. Yet Colson felt strung out, disoriented, empty. Existence had lost its savor. Political triumph, the choice between a top White House post and fabulous success at law—all of it meant nothing.

At this point, Colson ran into an old friend, Tom Phillips, the president of the electronics firm Raytheon, Co., the largest employer in New England, who —like Colson—had "climbed to the top through shrewd wits and raw ability." Phillips seemed changed. "There was a new compassion in his eyes and a gentleness in his voice." He had, it turned out, "accepted Christ." Phillips gave Colson a copy of C. S. Lewis' *Mere Christianity*, a stunning book intellectually, which started Colson on the road to his own perfectly convincing and movingly described conversion.

This phenomenon, as I have noted, appears to be extremely widespread. Several reliable surveys indicate that there are at least forty million "twice born" Christians in the United States. Comically enough, the *New York Times* does not list the evangelic best-sellers on its best-seller list; if it did, none of the best-sellers now listed would crack the top ten. The "twice born" phenomenon cuts across class, racial, and doctrinal lines. Yet a substantial segment of that forty million has reversed the parable of the rich man and the eye of the needle. Precisely because these people *are* successful, and for a time have concentrated so much energy and commitment on achieving success, they discover that the kingdom of heaven is not of this world. *The first shall be first!* Reading Colson's account, you begin to feel—perhaps not inaccurately—that any door in a corporate suite or any door in the Executive Office Building may open upon a prayer meeting. Or even in the Fed: Arthur Burns himself is one.

I might add that I find all of this sympathetic, even as I am moved by John Wesley's account of his religious experience in Aldersgate Street, May 24, 1738: "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the *Epistle to the Romans.* About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

John Wesley transformed the psychological landscape of eighteenth century England. Something comparable may be happening in America today. I ought to add, however, that—in contrast to the experience Colson describes—my own Christianity is more rational and historical at least in style, and I am much more at ease with the beauty, the pleasure, and the pathos of the world.

Colson's account of his rebirth naturally becomes intertwined with his narrative about Watergate. There he is persuasive that the reality of his own role differs drastically from the diffuse public perception of it. Colson was involved in neither the planning of the break-in nor the cover-up, and, as the prosecutors later virtually admitted in a public statement, probably would have been acquitted. Colson did not know in advance about the Ellsberg psychiatrist break-in, either. The distinct impression emerges, and not only from his book, that Colson was a target of the prosecutors not so much because of any evidence in hand as because, given his public image, failure to bring charges against him would have looked preposterous. I sense that Colson at one time took more than a little pleasure in that "hatchet man" image, an expensive pleasure in that it made inevitable the tooth-marks left in his heel by Cox and Jaworski.

In the end, Colson turned down a chance to plead guilty to a misdemeanor, because the charge was untrue, but did plead guilty to an obscure felony: smearing Ellsberg while under indictment. The three-year sentence handed down by Judge Gerhard Gesell was of course outrageous. Colson saw his guilty plea, however, as the one way of making a sharp break with his past and beginning anew. □

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THE Right BOOKS

M. STANTON EVANS

THE DEATH COMMITTEE has reviewed your case and decided against you.

Though you are only 63, you are partially blind, completely deaf, and have a chronic heart condition. Besides, you have a history of crotchety behavior, bordering on eccentricity, that yields a negative social index from your neighbors. Others can use the equipment you have been hogging; so your respirator is turned off.

That Orwellian sketch is not the product of a science fictionist's imagination, but the all-too-possible long-term result of current attitudes and public policies, as projected by a famous American physician. The physician is Dr. Everett Koop, surgeon-in-chief at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia. The projection is in his well-reasoned book, *The Right to Live; the Right to Die* (Tyndale House, $2.95), a thoroughly frightening discussion of the crusades for permissive abortion and euthanasia.

Dr. Koop begins by laying a groundwork of solid fact: namely, that the "fetus" involved in the "termination of pregnancy" is a sentient, fully recognizable human being who is quite fully alive inside its mother's womb. And what is happening to it, very simply, is that it is being killed. The author recites a host of medical details to make the point, and supplies a series of cogent answers to the usual pro-abortion arguments concerning rape, deformity, and the well-being of the mother.

Especially ghastly, Dr. Koop contends, is the reasoning by which the killing is legitimized. In the pro-abortion view, the unborn child is incapable of "meaningful existence," and is thus outside the protection of the law. A variant is the notion that if the child is deformed, retarded, or merely "unwanted," its life after birth would also be insufficiently "meaningful," and that it therefore would be better off not being born at all. This process of death-by-definition is aided by a careful vocabulary of thinghood ("abortus," "product of conception") that teaches us to view the unborn baby as something other than a human being.

If there are human beings who can be defined out of existence in the first scene of the human drama, there are others equally eligible in the last. What of the aged, the infirm, the human vegetables? If the "fetus" can be so easily disposed of, why can't these other social inconvenients, serving no useful function and consuming lots of time and money, be handled likewise? In the drive for euthanasia, we find an answer: They too are gradually but inexorably being sentenced to thinghood, as beings unfit for "meaningful" life according to somebody else's scale of values.

It is in this respect, as Dr. Koop observes, that the Karen Quinlan case is so significant. What has been argued in this case is not that *Karen Quinlan* wants to die (the usual entering wedge of euthanasia arguments); others have decided that she no longer meets the proper standards of existence. Variations on that grim theme are not exactly unknown to twentieth century statecraft.

ALSO INDICATIVE of our distress in these essential matters is Paul Ramsey's study, *The Ethics of Fetal Research* (Yale, $2.95). Professor Ramsey recounts the gruesome things that have been done to aborted babies in the name of scientific knowledge—including the practice of keeping them alive for hours or even days to test their reactions to chemicals, blood transfusions, and the like. The fetus of course must be alive for this to happen, but it has been treated by some researchers as if it were simply a useful lump of tissue.

With his customary precision, Professor Ramsey examines the many facets of this awful subject, and carefully distinguishes the several types of experimentation. But the logic of the more straightforward practitioners is apparent: Where there is a right to kill, *a fortiori* there is a right to experiment. Such is the antechamber of the death committee. □

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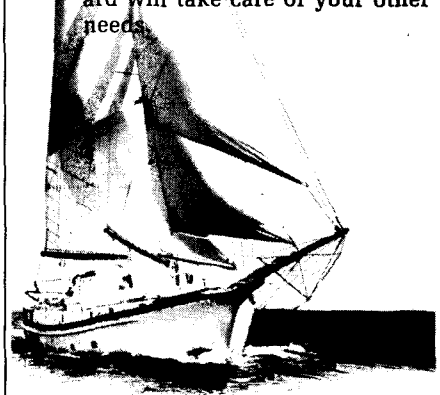

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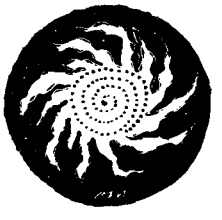
Steinbeck, A Life in Letters
Edited by Elaine Steinbeck and Robert Wallsten
Viking, 906 pp., $15

PRODIGIOUS INTROSPECTION

RENE KUHN BRYANT

John Steinbeck once observed to a friend, "There is a difference between writing letters and answering them." Nothing could illuminate the nicety of that distinction more clearly than this massive volume of Steinbeck's own letters: 861 of them, culled from a selection of more than 5,000, and covering 45 of the 66 years of his life.

Elaine Steinbeck, his widow, and Robert Wallsten, a long-time close friend of both Steinbecks, are the editors. The subtitle they have appended to the collection, *A Life in Letters*, suggests both their intention and their method. On first inspection *Steinbeck* seems a daunting, overpowering behemoth of a book, conveying by its very bulk the sort of exaggerated sense of self-importance Steinbeck scorned in himself and others. Gingerly but gamely, the reader steps in, perhaps believing that, as is usually the case with such collections, a brief skimming of each section will impart all one could possibly wish to know of Steinbeck's correspondence.



But very soon it becomes apparent that, drawing on Steinbeck's great gifts as a storyteller and wordsmith, his editors have fashioned a framework within which an absorbing narrative moves steadily along from Steinbeck's penniless obscurity in 1924 to the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1962. By keeping editorial intrusion at the barest minimum required for coherence, Mrs. Steinbeck and Mr. Wallsten have allowed the complex charm and provocative intellect that characterized Steinbeck to emerge gradually in what could almost be an epistolary novel. Whether the vivid, appealing portrait one cherishes on concluding the volume is a true likeness only those who knew Steinbeck personally can say. Certainly, though, the man shown in these letters is a fascinating figure.

Arranged chronologically (no mean feat since Steinbeck seldom bothered with dates and only occasionally with locations), the letters are keyed to the publication of the writer's large and varied output of fiction, drama, war reporting, travel writing—indeed, every form of prose. Steinbeck was a many-sided man with a finely developed talent for friendship and a constant urge (which he indulged freely) to share whatever was on his mind or in his heart with those he was close to. Moreover, throughout his life he was driven by the necessity to transmute experience, thought, and feeling into written form, as though for him that gave it the ultimate, and occasionally the only, reality.

EXCEPT for brief, explanatory quotes from others', all of the letters in this collection are Steinbeck's own. But the range of his correspondence, the remarkable diversity of the friends to whom he wrote regularly, saves it from any monotonousness or repetitiveness. The nucleus of the collection is the several hundred letters written to his literary agent and friend of forty-odd years, Elizabeth Otis; the dozens to his publisher and close friend, Pascal Covici; and the long chain to his Stanford roommate, with whom he never lost contact throughout his life. But some of the most striking examples of the informal workings of Steinbeck's mind appear in letters such as one written to Adlai Stevenson in June 1960. In this letter Steinbeck discussed Shakespeare's sonnets and Richard Nixon's resemblance to Holinshed's description of Richard III, and concluded with a wry tale turning on his attachment to the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius. All in all, a delightfully surprising battery from the author of *Cannery Row*.

One can trace, then, through the long span of these letters, not only the significant facts of his life—the years of struggle to become recognized as a writer; his response to success; the two failed marriages that preceded his final happy one; fatherhood; war service as a correspondent; trips to Russia, to the Far East, across America—but one can see also the constant play of Steinbeck's qualities of character and personality as they were tempered by experience and chastened by the gathering years. For the most part, these were admirable—his humor, his deep loyalties and keen sensibility, his ranging curiosity and liveliness of mind, his penetrating understanding of human motives (his own and others'), his care for craftsmanship. And in the rare cases when they were not, they were likely to be superficial, and vitiated anyway by his own clear-eyed recognition of them as flaws.

Steinbeck's capacity for introspective analysis was prodigious. But he satisfied his thirst for self-contemplation and self-revelation in the great river of correspondence he kept flowing to family and friends. His fiction was saved for something else. Unlike most of the novelists who came to critical and popular success after World War II, Steinbeck used the novel not to examine his own navel but to consider the condition of a variety of vivid individuals in relation to the whole of humanity. He was, in short, a novelist in the mold of Cervantes, a man who dealt in universals, whether of principles or people. This may explain why, eight years after his death, his books still sell more than 200,000 copies annually in mass-market paperback editions alone.

Steinbeck, A Life in Letters is enormously rewarding reading on its own. Taken as counterpoint to John Steinbeck's 29 other titles, it adds intangibly but immeasurably to an understanding and appreciation of them. □

No Thank You, Mr. President
By John Herbers
Norton, 192 pp., $7.95

GRIPES

WILLIAM MURCHISON

"Thank you, Mr. President" is the traditional sign-off phrase for presidential press conferences. John Herbers, the *New York Times*' White House correspondent during the Watergate unpleasantness, feels the press has little for which to thank the President, any President. So mighty has the White House grown that it shapes news coverage, Herbers insists in this somewhat righteous but gratifyingly even-tempered book. For all that modern Presidents may suffer the press's abuse, the

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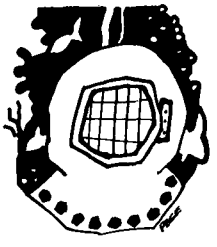
White House decidedly has the upper hand "in conveying to the public the President's policies, motives, and intentions." The press room is like a plantation. The newsmen-slaves are herded around by presidential overseers, told what the Administration wishes known, and left to grub out the rest on their own—often in the face of official silence or hostility.

WHAT RESULTS, says Herbers, is a preoccupation with the daily flow of events. The President met for two hours today with the prime minister of Carthusia; he vetoed a bill handing the Postal Service over to the Cub Scouts; he received a delegation of renegade Mormons demanding the return of polygamy. Yes, yes, Herbers says, but what does any of this tell us about the *kind* of Presidency the incumbent is conducting? Surely the job of the White House reporter is to tell not just what happened but what it *means*, not just what the President's men are doing but what kind of men they *are*.



The Herbers thesis is not a bad one, in a cozy, journalism-seminar kind of fashion. Portray the spirit as well as the flesh of a presidential Administration? Sounds marvelous. But who is to do the portraying? A group of journalists with conditional access to the President, yes; but journalists hold no franchise on insight. And they often do hold preconceived notions. As Herbers innocently notes, the White House press corps, even before Watergate exploded, viewed the Nixon Administration as "basically corrupt." Plainly, what a journalist sees depends as much on what is behind his eyes as on what is before them. Had Pat Buchanan covered the Nixon White House, he would doubtless have reported virtues where Herbers reported vices, strengths where Herbers scribbled of weaknesses. There are many more Herberses than Buchanans in the White House press corps. In fact, maybe there are no Buchanans in it at all. Lopsided interpretation is what this makes for.

Nor is Herbers' case rendered any the stronger by some of his tales of how the White House press actually did seek to interpret the Nixon Presidency. The Nixon-watchers in the press room were unhappy whenever Nixon was out of their sight. They wondered what mischief he was up to. Early on during Watergate, they began scrutinizing the President as the officers of the *USS Caine* scrutinized Captain Queeg, ready to elevate a moment of irritation into a possible mental breakdown. The suspicion got about that Nixon was on drugs; some reporters predicted suicide; there was even a diligent attempt to find a psychiatrist Nixon was rumored to be seeing.

To his credit, Herbers denies that newsmen should psychoanalyze the President; it is merely that "aberrant behavior" has to be reported. Aberrant behavior, though! Aberrant by what standards? The press's? And anyway, what in Horace Greeley's name has come over a press that believes the essence of a Presidency to reside in tics and twitches and glazed-over eyes, rather than in the practical policies Herbers admits the press corps neglected during Watergate? Herbers has made out a case for subjective reporting all right, but it is a case for leaving such reporting to the writers of human-interest stories. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A WINTER'S RECKONING, *by Ellen Bromfield Geld (Doubleday, 279 pp., $7.95).* Out of five characters—father, mother, son, daughter, and faithful nanny—Ellen Bromfield Geld has constructed another of her astonishingly vivid, beautifully crafted novels. It is an interplay of strong and weak personalities: Lorenzo, the flamboyant, multi-talented architect; Marion, the gently-bred, childlike wife who plays moth to his flame; Melissa, bright, talented but not strong enough to withstand the evil that slowly envelops them all; Jaime, the introverted, clumsy boy who spends his childhood trying not to catch his father's eye, and who retires to the cluttered asylum of his room, there to fantasize his very real apprehension of the sickness around him; and the very British nanny, as strong and domineering as Lorenzo, who makes possible the world Lorenzo has built, first in London and then on a wild and remote farm on the rugged coast of Maine. These are the players. It is only when Melissa has removed herself from the others, after a traumatic act of cowardice and Nanny's death, and spent a winter half a continent away in the cold clear air of the Tetons that she comes to understand what destroyed the House of Lorenzo. There she examines the intricate tapestry of their lives until the picture that had been so obscured by the distorted lens of Jaime's imagination is clearly revealed—and Melissa has made good her escape, as Jaime in his inarticulated love had hoped she would. Readers of Mrs. Geld's earlier novels (*A Timeless Place, The Dreamers, The Garlic Tree*) are a spoiled lot. They have come to expect a cracking good tale from her. In *A Winter's Reckoning* they get that plus a heightened sensitivity through her handling of the complicated personalities her talent has given life to.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

ROBESPIERRE: *Portrait of a Revolutionary Democrat, by George Rudé (Viking, 254 pp., $10.95).* If, as George Rudé claims, to "enable the reader to come to general conclusions of his own" is really the aim of the last parts of this "political portrait" of Robespierre, the book is a success. Rudé does not mean to make anyone a Robespierrist, but he *would* like to establish Robespierre as the great pioneer of revolutionary leadership. He begins with a narrative of Robespierre's life, concentrating on the period from 1789 to his execution in July 1794. He follows with a compilation of historians' opinions over the last 180 years. Then, in the last half of the book, he attempts (among other things) to establish Robespierre as *the* revolutionary leader, "the first great champion of democracy and the people's rights." Robespierre provided the model for the "revolutionary and democratic dictatorship," and Rudé points out that Lenin and Mao were left merely to improve on technical matters. However, Rudé's evaluation is incomplete: a revolutionary leader cannot be great if he fails from the moment of his ascendancy until his death to understand politics. Robespierre, according to Rudé, regarded circumstances as mere hinderances. Habits (Rudé calls them "relics of the past") had to be totally uprooted in order for a system to be built "on entirely new foundations." Rudé complains that the French had no parliamentary tradition to serve them as a guide. But no people is without a sense of identity, of tradition; and tradition can generate sympathy toward its own modification, unlike ideology, which has a rigid purpose, a specific goal. Rudé juxtaposes nauseating explications of "sacred right" and "the laws of Nature" with numerous examples of "revolutionary justice," in which the enemies of the Revolution are guillotined without the inconvenience of a defense counsel. Rudé thus enables us to draw conclusions not only about Robespierre's political thought, but also about Rudé's.

DANIEL E. RITCHIE

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

IRVING KRISTOL:

[*The Politics*] *of Appeasement.*

Depreciation of the "domino theory" is always much favored by those who are set for appeasement. . . . The Russians . . . take this theory seriously; they are not pouring arms into North Vietnam or Syria—or money into the Portuguese Communist Party—because of a primitive inability to read a map.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 822)

Et Unam Sanctam Catholicam . . .

As I read Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's column about Ecône [May 28], a responsive chord was struck in my memory. There it was; another example of Life imitating Art. Ecône and the controversy surrounding it very closely parallel the story line of Brian Moore's recent novel, *Catholics*.

It is truly ironic that those who foisted the "New Liturgy" on Catholics did so under the pretext of creating a greater sense of unity and participation among the laity. Of course if you already had a sense of unity and participation from the Latin Mass, that no longer counted. To the inflexible liberal mind, the proper way to celebrate the Mass is their way. And doing it their way means never having to say "*Mea culpa*."

Sacramento, Calif. JAMES M. MCKENNA

It is unfortunate that Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn gave such a misleading impression of the "traditionalist" seminary at Ecône. The opposition of the Roman hierarchy does not derive from the seminary's strict discipline and use of Latin. The nearby Cistercian monastery of Hauterive continues to use Latin for the Mass and the daily prayers and to maintain one of the most rigorous lifestyles remaining in Western monasticism—all with the approval of Rome.

It is not that Ecône prefers the Tridentine Mass to the new order of the Mass. The point is that some of the professors teach and many seminarists believe that the new Mass is invalid. Such an erroneous teaching must obviously be repudiated.

Much to the dismay of many Catholic traditionalists who applaud its general approach, Ecône itself has fallen prey to heresy.

Park Ridge, Ill. JOHN M. HAAS
Vicar
St. Anselm's Church

I have doubts that one who refuses to yield to a handwritten personal letter from the Holy Father is any better than Hans Küng; in any event he is not the stuff Catholic heroes are made of. When his refusal to yield is based on such absurd propositions as that the liturgical reforms of St. Pius V were intended to freeze the Western liturgy for all human history, that statements of the Council of Trent and St. Pius V which were not even addressed to the universal Church but only to the West are to be treated as matters of faith, and that the Pope has no authority over the Western liturgy, it makes those who write of him as a hero the objects of just ridicule and strengthens the hand of the modernists whose own errors are so similar.

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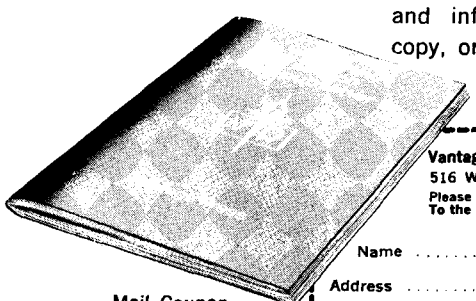

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

President-Talk

New York, July 12—Jimmy Carter continues his drive to colonize New York City. He was off to a very good start a week or so back when he addressed a large throng at the Waldorf-Astoria and read a speech that might have been given at a United Nations testimonial dinner. This time around, his confidence fortified, he breached the inner sanctum of New York liberalism, the editorial lounge of the *New York Times*.

THIS is a scary experience, of which I happen to be a graduate, having endured it when running for mayor of New York. In those dark days the joint was absolutely dry, and the senior editors armed themselves in their own offices, or in the closet, with a bit of the grape. Since then, following on the heels of *aggiornamento* in Rome, the old rule has been repealed, and Jimmy Carter was presumably offered a drink. Whether he took it, I do not know; the datum was not revealed—a man must have *some* privacy, even in running for office.

Perhaps the publisher raised his glass in a toast to "Wee Jimmy." That is how James Reston, the Principal Political Columnist in America, as we are wont to call him, used to refer, disdainfully, to Jimmy Carter. Down in Georgia, nobody thought to tell Carter that no Democrat runs for office without first prostrating himself before the shrine. It is a tribute to Wee Jimmy that the day after his visit to the *Times*, James Reston was writing about "Governor Carter," like a chastened plebe at West Point addressing an upperclassman as "Sir" after unhappy experiences with familiarity. But Mr. Reston is still telling Wee Jimmy what to do, for instance in the selection of a Vice President. "If he chooses Henry Jackson of the state of Washington, for example, or any of the other extremists of his party, he is obviously going to be in trouble." Being in trouble is defined as incurring the displeasure of Big Jimmy. Henry Jackson, meanwhile, will no doubt learn with no little surprise that he has been baptized an extremist.

Well, sir, it turns out that in 1972, at the Convention in Miami that begot George McGovern, Jimmy Carter decided that the liberal wing of the Democratic Party was dominant. Accordingly, he engaged tutors in high liberalism. His instruction, it transpires, was brokered by Dean Rusk, who, ironically, was exiled by liberal America to Athens, Georgia with an indeterminate sentence, as punishment for carrying out the foreign policy of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. But Jimmy Carter learns quickly, and though there was apparently a period of ostracism—"After a year or so of seminars and conversations arranged by Mr. Rusk, the Carter camp learned that he was considered anathema by some liberal Democrats, and the contacts ceased"—before long he got so he could talk about "new credit arrangements for the underdeveloped countries" and "integrating our policies with those of our natural allies" as if he had been brought up by Governor Averell Harriman and never spoken another tongue. He got from the *Times* the supreme encomium—the headline: "Carter's Foreign Policies Follow Liberal Democratic Pattern."

MEANWHILE, at the other end of the continent, Ronald Reagan was giving the country a whiff of the powder he will use if he is nominated. Both Reagan and Carter, to be sure, use generalities, but there is this difference. Reagan's generalities are grounded in the axioms of a free government. These are that the individual, and the family, in order to be free, must exercise responsibility, and must resist the accretions of paternalistic government. The generalities of the Left have to do with the benefits the Federal Government can confer, by some mysterious process, to the individual. John Silber, the exciting president of Boston University, apparently shocked the gang in Massachusetts when, in his July 4 oration, he spoke stirringly on the general subject by saying that a great many Americans had mistaken the dedication of the Declaration of Independence to the "pursuit of happiness" for a dedication to the "pursuit of pleasure." There is a slightly Calvinistic aftertaste to rhetoric of this kind, but it has its appeal. Reagan is not the shriveled Puritan of H. L. Mencken, desperately fearful that "somebody, somewhere, may be happy." But he is the man who is telling us the kind of thing everybody agreed to celebrate as having first been incorporated into a political act 200 years ago. □

NEW BOY IN TOWN

New York, July 7—At Athens, Georgia, a month or so back, a young man associated with the University of Georgia and formerly on the staff of Governor Carter told a story at the small dinner before the lecture.

. . . It was April 1973, and Governor Jimmy Carter had flown to Washington to tape an exchange on *Firing Line*, the weekly television program. "We"—the reference was to the Governor's staff—"were all anxious to see how the Governor made out, so I had a bunch of them over to my house to listen. Well, after you introduced him, and he started talking—we couldn't believe it. His accent was completely changed. If we had heard the voice without the picture, we wouldn't have known it was the boss talking."

It transpired that Jimmy Carter had been practicing—in total privacy; Pygmalion-like. A new accent. The deregionalization of Jimmy Carter. Decided Southern inflections were left, but what had been there before—the deep Southern accent of deep, traditional Georgia, was gone.

"That's his regular voice now," I was told. I asked whether he was still capable of resurrecting the older voice, like Eliza Doolittle when slipping on a banana peel. The qualified answer was yes, he could still speak like the old Jimmy Carter and, under special circumstances, before certain audiences, would do so. But the current accent is

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now the working Jimmy Carter. Presumably if he talks in his sleep, he uses his *Firing Line* voice. That is true self-mastery.

When Jimmy Carter came to New York the other day to give a foreign policy speech, one might put it that his objective was to win grudging praise from the *New York Times*, which has always been rather disdainful of Jimmy Carter, suspecting that under that smooth, calm exterior lies a Georgia cracker.

How do you go about appealing to the *New York Times* in a foreign policy speech? Well, it takes a little practice, but nothing you can't master by exercising in your bathroom, say ten minutes a day, sitting down, reading the *Times*' editorials.

1. You say something on the theme of interdependence—we all live on one planet, that kind of thing.

2. You say something on the theme of our natural allies—our great post-war alliances with Europe and Japan, and the need to revive them.

3. You say something about the international problems of poverty and population control—and the creative role the United States can play in helping people help themselves.

4. You say something about the emerging nations of Africa—encouraging those "trends" within Africa that point the democratic way—and you deplore the racist policies of South Africa.

5. You deplore, in an age of endemic poverty, the amount of money spent on arms throughout the world, but you make moderate references to the need for a U.S. military capable of serving essential American interests.

6. You deplore the continuing aggressiveness of the Soviet Union—but you stress that we live in an age of accommodation, not confrontation, and re-stress the need for patience and understanding, which however is not to be confused with weakness.

And what will you get from the *Times*?

"It is unreasonable to expect a candidate for high office to spell out exactly how he might respond to future contingencies. But in his carefully reasoned statements so far—particularly his impromptu responses to questions—the former Georgia governor has gone a long way toward dulling charges of unfamiliarity with the foreign policy challenges that would confront him as President."

Jimmy Carter can do no wrong these days. It requires not alone the self-mastery (few have it—even the renowned intellectual virtuoso, Henry Kissinger, can no more shake his accent than Lady Macbeth could her stigmata), but an internal distillery that pumps out just about what the folks want to hear, and the folks are rewarding Mr. Carter in the polls munificently. The current polls show Carter as far ahead of Ford or Reagan as Nixon was over McGovern, or Roosevelt over Landon, or Johnson over Goldwater. There isn't a really worked-up anti-Carter Democrat of any prominence left, with the possible exception of Jerry Brown, about whom it is sadly concluded among more and more people that Brown's problem isn't that he loves Carter less, but that he loves Brown more.

These are heavy odds, and no professional at this moment would bet against Carter in November without asking for four, five, maybe six to one. It will require someone of great skill to cut through this business, and with a talent one might call theatrical. □

PUT ME DOWN FOR REAGAN

New York, July 9—Senator Goldwater's letter to the delegates to the Republican Convention requires analysis. It is set out, with a kind of explicitness not routinely invoked by Senator Goldwater, as coming from the senior conservative elected official in the country. And it urges the Convention to name Gerald Ford as its nominee.

Well, if he has to put it that way, I have been fighting the ideological wars as long as Senator Goldwater, in the same army, though in a different service (G-2), and I believe with all due respect for him that Senator Goldwater is dead wrong. This conclusion is shared by many of my friends and colleagues.

1. Senator Goldwater says that President Ford is "turning this country back in the right direction." And should be encouraged to continue to do so. The implicit premise of the statement is that Mr. Ford will be elected if nominated, and that Reagan would not; moreover, that Ford would succeed, if elected, where Reagan would fail.

Much too much is taken for granted here. In the first place, the polls show that both Ford and Reagan would lose. Perhaps the polls are as wrong as they were when they said that Truman would lose. But perfectly cool heads, analyzing the ideological demographics of the country, come to the conclusion that Reagan would do better against Carter than Ford; and that where he would not do better than Ford is in those states in which Carter has so heavy an edge as to make Ford's advantage over Reagan meaningless.

Moreover, Senator Goldwater says that Mr. Ford's experience in Washington equipped him to deal with "a Democratic Congress which has done more damage to the American concept of government and free enterprise than any other in my memory."

There is a contradiction here. If it is the worst Congress in the memory of Senator Goldwater, then he must face the coincidence that the worst Congress in history carried on under the Presidency of Gerald Ford. Gerald Ford has done a lot of vetoing, and some of his vetoes have stuck, others have not. What reason is there to think that his vetoes would be more effective than Reagan's? And what reason is there to think that Reagan might not bring in a better Congress than Ford, if Reagan were elected, which is at least as probable as that Gerald Ford would be?

2. The foreign policy of the Nixon-Ford Administration has not succeeded in its stated aims. When Senator Goldwater declares that Ford and Reagan are both conservatives he is correct. He is not correct in suggesting that therefore there would be insignificant differences in foreign policy if Reagan were elected. Mr. Reagan's concern for the physical security of this country is more pronounced than Mr. Ford's. His penetration of the failure of detente sharply contrasts with Ford's lingering attachment to it. In the past, no one has expressed greater concern than Senator Goldwater over our deteriorating military situation. President Reagan would do what he could to reverse the trend.

3. The Republican Party is in pretty awful shape—a handful of governors, a third of Congress, 20 per cent of the registered voters. If ever a party needed rebirth, it is this party, and that isn't going to happen under Gerald Ford. If it were, there'd be signs of it after two years of his Presidency. Where are those signs? Perhaps it would not happen under Reagan. But Reagan has the capacity to stir. His absence from Washington over the years gives him the radical perspective needed to look at the monster we have created with a freshness that does not come so easily to someone who has spent all his life in government. Perhaps this is the year of Carter; but it is almost certainly not the year of Ford. And if idealism is not dead, at Kansas City they will go for Reagan. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An eleemosynary institution built by a bad architect — 70 88 6 102 174 51 139 13 224

B. One of our presidents was Big Bilt_____ — 134 217 169

C. A principal trump in some card games — 45 213 155 165 28 57 106

D. SHAKE RATHER — 76 12 89 142 133 168 21 171 52 105 / 210

E. Where the hay is kept — 82 65 5 157

F. Augments — 147 67 74 49

G. A type of congressional district — 154 141 220 14 26 36 129 225 121 180 / 94 55

H. What the embattled farmers brought about in 1794 in western Pennsylvania — 114 75 44 145 4 59 48 69 37 85 / 188 205 214 79 183

I. To have impressions of — 27 34 41 81 95 15

J. Common occurrence — 212 110 91 117 226 29 104 151 221

K. What many big spenders will support — 131 191 223 194 158 215

L. County seat in southeastern Missouri — 192 112 127 140 178 173 164

M. A girl who might ride the "el" to Lethe — 197 58 216 107 71

N. Sheep that might get rambunctious — 204 17 193 208

O. The marijuana smoker sells his birthright for a mess of: — 56 60 80 83 11 18

P. Where Truman spent many a Fourth of July — 53 35 42 73 108 149 162 229 25 86 / 120 101

Q. Town in Mahaska County, Iowa — 78 182 84 185 199 206 113 152 30

R. Where the Senators used to play — 63 24 72 87 98 119 132 137 150 159 / 10 181 126 130 50

S. Unscramble SULLEN RICH DATE and get novel popular half a century ago — 118 62 8 22 66 135 43 143 189 156 / 219 2 100 163

T. What footsteps and raindrops do — 124 160 166 172 175 177 23 187 190 198 / 211 68

U. What a horse's life is full of, especially when he can't eat a bit — 9 186 161 195

V. What a tense grammarian would be — 99 92 176 222 196 97 167 3 31

W. The mark of a drummer — 136 200 202 227 103 125

X. What the toughest examination for a summer student would be — 170 109 201 40 93 179 146

Y. A period of one's life — 19 96 218 184 203

Z. A Belgian city — 47 39 148 228 153 144

a. He figures in one of Jesus Christ's parables — 38 54 1 61 77 111 116 122 138 207 / 209 7 16

b. Considerateness — 20 33 90 128

c. Mrs. Fred Allen's maiden name — 32 123 46 64 115

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 856 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 a	2 S	3 V	4 H		5 E	6 A	7 a	8 S		9 U	10 R	11 O		12 D	13 A	14 G
15 I	16 a		17 N	18 O	19 Y		20 b	21 D	22 S		23 T	24 R	25 P	26 G	27 I	28 C	29 J	30 Q	31 V
	32 c	33 b	34 I	35 P	36 G		37 H	38 a	39 Z	40 X	41 I	42 P		43 S	44 H	45 C		46 c	47 Z
48 H		49 F	50 R	51 A	52 D	53 P	54 a	55 O		56 O	57 C	58 M		59 H	60 O	61 a	62 S	63 R	
64 c	65 E	66 S	67 F		68 T	69 H	70 A	71 M	72 P	73 P	74 F		75 H	76 D	77 a		78 Q	79 H	80 O
	81 I		82 E	83 O	84 Q		85 H	86 P	87 R	88 A	89 D	90 b	91 J	92 V	93 X	94 G	95 I		96 Y
97 V	98 R	99 V	100S	101P	102A		103W	104J	105D		106C	107M	108P	109X	110J	111a	112L	113Q	
114H	115c	116a		117J	118S	119R	120P	121G		122a	123c		124T	125W	126R	127L	128b		129G
130R	131K		132R	133D	134B	135S		136W	137R	138a		139A	140L	141G	142D	143S	144Z		145H
146X	147F	148Z	149P	150R		151J	152Q	153Z	154G	155C	156S	157E	158K	159R	160T	161U	162P		163S
164L	165C	166T	167V	168D		169B	170X	171D	172T		173L	174A	175T		176V	177T	178L	179X	180G
181R	182Q	183H	184Y		185Q	186U	187T	188H	189S		190T	191K	192L	193N		194K	195U	196V	197M
	198T	199Q	200W	201X		202W	203Y	204N		205H	206Q	207a	208N		209a	210D	211T		212J
213C	214H	215K	216X	217B	218Y	219S	220G	221J		222V	223K	224A	225C	226J	227W	228Z	229P		

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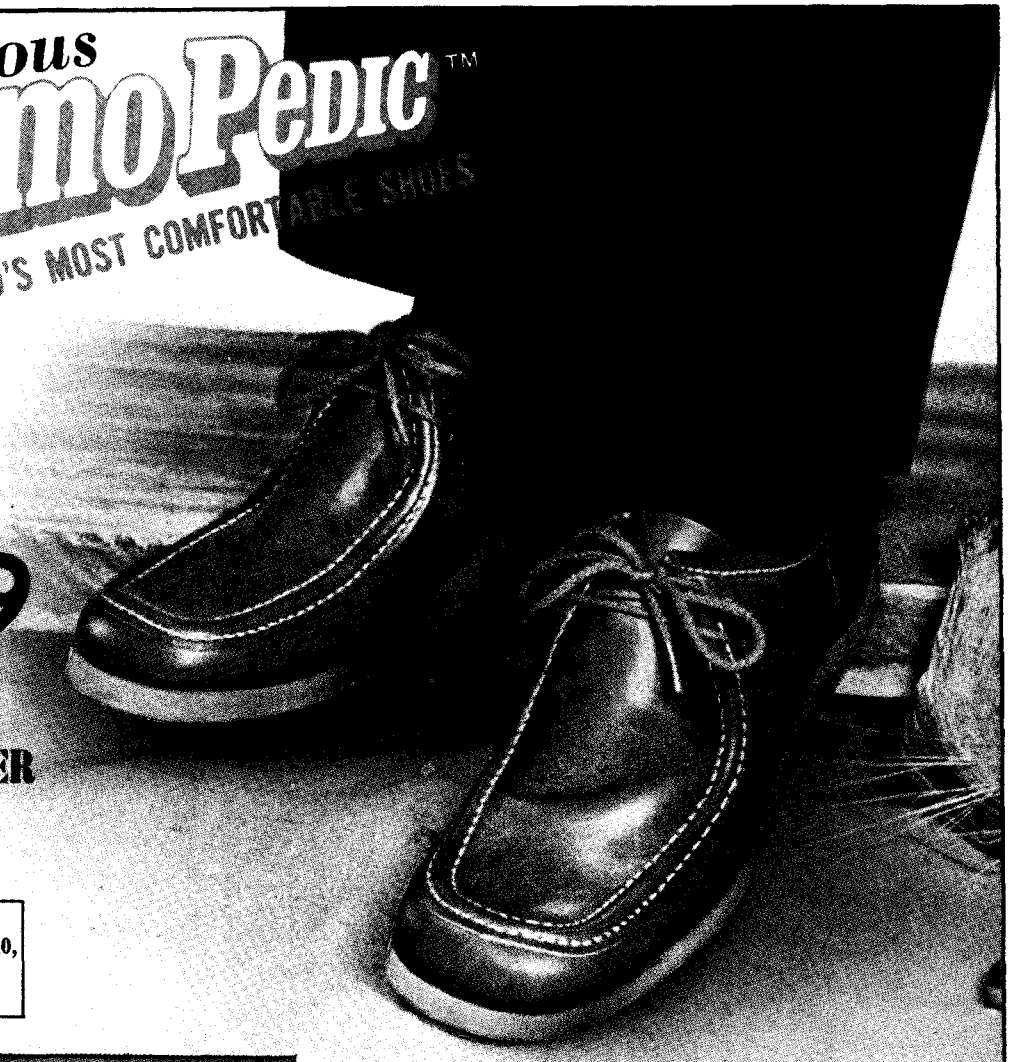

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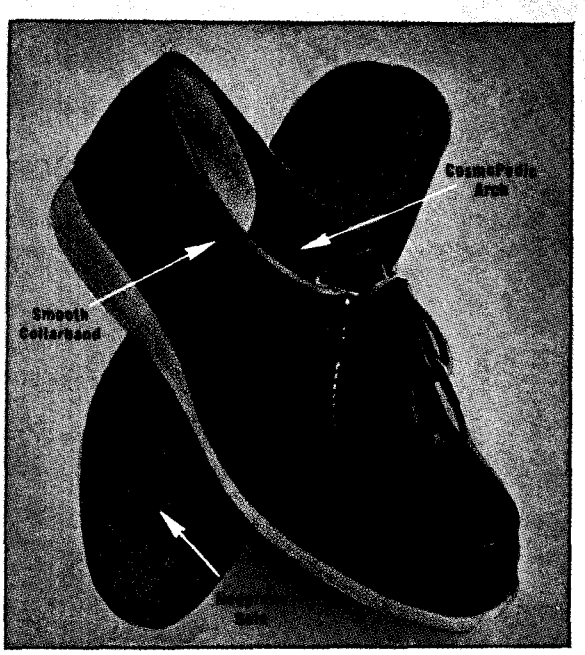
NOW ONLY

$14.99

GENUINE LEATHER
smooth or sueded

MEN'S SIZES
6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12, also 13
WIDTHS: C, D, E, EE, EEE



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FAMOUS COSMOPEDIC GUARANTEE
Latest fashions, finest quality, great value—accurately described and promptly shipped.
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for just $14.99 pr., plus $1.50 per pr. postage and handling. If they are not the most comfortable, the finest quality pair of shoes I've ever owned, I may return for a full refund of purchase price, no questions asked.

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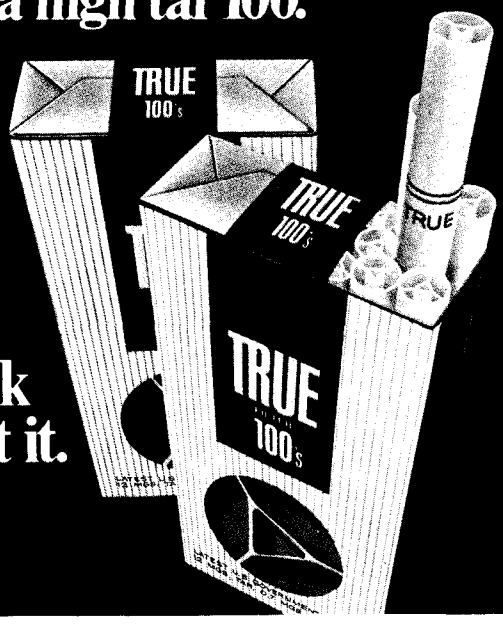
Source: Tar and Nicotine–FTC Report April 1976.
Source: Sales Volume–Maxwell Year End Report 1975.
TRUE 100's: Regular 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Menthol 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.



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